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## AN ADDRESS,

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, DELIVERED TO THE GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON, S. C. IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, BY REV. J. ADAMS, D.D. PRESIDENT, AND (EX-OFFICIO) HORRY PROFESSOR OF MORAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

*Gentlemen Graduates of the Day:*—There are occasions in the course of human life, on which it is profitable, carefully to examine the present and review the past; and combining our experience of the one with our knowledge of the other, to direct our reflections to the future. Such, by the general consent of mankind, is the season, when youth being set free from the restraints imposed by parents, guardians and instructors, are about to engage in the business, and to assume the responsibilities of manhood. In accordance with this common and natural sentiment, while some nations have been contented to mark this limit between youth and manhood, simply by legal enactment,—others have celebrated its arrival by customary ceremonies of a significant, and sometimes of an imposing kind. Among the Germans of the age of Tacitus, in conformity with the fierceness of the national spirit, and the warlike character of the times, the youth aspiring to the honors and privileges of manhood, was solemnly presented with a shield and a spear, in the presence of the wise, the valiant, and the honorable of the land.\* By the singular policy of the Romans, the father's authority over his child was never relinquished, and extended to the disposal of his fortune and even of his life;† and therefore, strictly speaking, there was no dividing line between the periods of youth and manhood; no well known time, when the young man became master of his own time and actions, (*sui juris*);—still in the case of sons, this stern rule was in some measure relaxed as they approached the age of discretion. When the youthful Roman had completed his seventeenth year, on a particular day, in the open forum, and in the presence of the assembled citizens, he was invested with the robe of manhood, (*toga virilis*) and was commended to the care of some distinguished citizen, with whom afterwards, he was privileged freely to associate, whose office it was to guide him in his studies, to watch over his habits, manners and morals; and to aid him in preparing himself to perform the responsible duties of Roman citizenship.‡ Strongly analogous to the time when the Roman youth were publicly invested with the robe of manhood, is the

\* De Mor. Ger. c. 13. † Adams' Rom. Ant. p. 51. ‡ Vattel's Law of Nations, B. 1. c. 11. Sec. 112.—Cicero De Amicitia, c. 1.—de Officiis, Lib. II. c. 13.

critical and interesting period at which you, young gentlemen, have arrived;—and this day in the presence of the wise, the learned, the beautiful and the honorable of our city, you have displayed the first fruits of the instruction which you have received. The ceremonies of this occasion, while they free you from the restraints of a College life, must also withdraw from you, much of the friendly counsel and guidance which you have been accustomed to receive; and you must hereafter assume, in a much greater measure, the responsibility of directing your own course on the perilous voyage of life which is before you. Under these circumstances, I trust, it will not be considered inappropriate to my office, or to the interesting and confidential relation, which has so long subsisted between us, if I ask your attention to some brief observations, which, it may be presumed, will be the last instruction and advice, which I shall ever be called to impart to you.

Among the many subjects from which a choice might be made on which to address you, I have thought that no one could be more suitable to myself or useful to you, than a brief notice of the well defined characteristics, by which, the age in which, by the Providence of God, you are called to live and to act, is distinguished, in some important respects, from all that have gone before it in the history of the world. It is of the last importance, that every man coming upon the stage of life, should well understand the spirit of the times in which he is called to act a part, whether such part be in a superior or in a subordinate sphere.

1. It is not among the least interesting and well defined characteristics of the present times, that our efforts for the enlargement of man's dominion over physical nature, have met with such decisive success.

Illustrations of this position, might be drawn from many sources; but there is one so remarkable and so striking, that I may well be justified in referring to it, to the neglect of every other. Whether we consider steam-machinery with reference to the principles on which it is constructed, or to its multifarious applications by which human power has been so vastly augmented, we must regard it as the most interesting, the most beneficial, and the most wonderful of all the productions of human genius. The name of Watt, to whose ardor, skill and perseverance we are chiefly indebted, for bringing the Steam-Engine to its present state of perfection, and applying it to useful purposes, will be associated in all future times, with this greatest and most successful triumph of science over physical difficulties. The most accomplished writer of the present century, has left us a description both of the instrument and its illustrious improver, and his splendid powers were no more than adequate to do justice to such a subject. I should feel myself to be in the wrong, if I were to omit making his description a part of this illustration. "He (Mr. Watt,) was a man, says Sir Walter Scott, whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources, to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the surface of the earth; giving the feeble arm of man, the momentum of an Afrite; commanding manufactures to arise, as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert; affording the means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man; of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and

threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements, this abridger of time and space, this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only now beginning to be felt, was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers as adapted to practical purposes, was not only one of the most generally well informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings. In his 84th year, his attention was at every one's question, his information at every one's command.\*" Such instances of the highest order of talents, combined with such exemplary virtues, breathe a reviving freshness on all who are made acquainted with them.†

It was more than intimated in the passage just cited, that the Steam-Engine was still to receive new developments and new applications; and in this, the anticipations of this great writer have not been disappointed. In the invention and capabilities of the railway, the success of which, rests on the safe basis of experiment, it would seem as if almost no projector could be too sanguine, and almost no anticipations could be accused of extravagance. On the bosom of the ocean, we sail in floating palaces, borne onward as if by enchantment,—on the land, we fly, as it were, on the wings of the wind.

It is now half a century, since Dr. Darwin, with equal poetical enthusiasm and prophetic truth, thus spoke of the future triumphs of the steam engine.

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar,  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;  
Or on wide waving wing expanded bear,  
The flying chariot through the fields of air;  
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,  
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,  
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,  
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

Our country has probably, a thousand miles of railway completed within its limits; and an enterprise of this kind is now making satisfactory progress, which is to ascend the great barrier of the Alleghanies, and to unite the Atlantic coast with the beautiful and majestic Ohio, and by this, with the great valley of the Mississippi. We may, moreover, indulge the sanguine hope, that the similar enterprise which our own citizens have undertaken, may, its chief difficulties being overcome, contribute effectually to revive the declining fortunes of our city, so long the chosen abode of hospitality, courtesy and honor.

2. Nor have the times in which we live been less distinguished for the cultivation and advancement of the sciences, than for enlarging man's dominion over the elements of nature, and directing them to the accomplishment of practical and beneficial purposes.

The celebrated La Place, has remarked a striking difference between literature and science, as their progress side by side is traced in the annals of learning. Literature consisting of delineations of human feelings and passions displayed on interesting, and especially on trying occasions, of exhibitions of character, of the creations of the imagination, and

\* Quoted in Brande's Manual of Chemistry, vol. I, p. 125, London, 1821. †See Nat. Gaz. 25th July, 1835.

the combinations of the fancy, and of descriptions of the scenery of the land, the ocean and the sky; success in cultivating it may fairly be expected by all who can feel, who have opportunities to observe, and who can suitably combine, and skilfully describe what they feel and what they observe; while science is chiefly the product of long continued observation, of patient and laborious experiment, or of abstruse calculation. Hence it is, that while the literature of ancient times, continues to instruct and delight us, and displays a fulness, richness and freshness which have not been surpassed, if they have been equalled, by modern literature,—the remains of ancient science are scanty and imperfect, and we must have recourse to modern scientific treatises, if we expect satisfaction in our enquiries. Even the beautiful system of the Greek geometry has been superseded by the treatises of the French mathematicians, and is no longer practically useful to us, except as a model of clear and rigorous demonstration. Algebra was nearly unknown to the ancients, but under the form of the transcendental analysis, and in the hands of Newton, Euler, La Grange, La Place, Poisson and Ivory, it has been astonishingly fruitful in the most valuable results, and by its aid, physical astronomy, to the investigations of which this instrument alone is adequate, has become the most perfect of all the sciences. The researches of Coulomb on electric and magnetic attractions, have, by his arriving at the law which governs them, given unity to the scattered fragments of which these subtle sciences were before composed. Chemistry so rich in practical applications, and so surprising for the insight which it gives into the interior structure of material substances, is almost entirely the fruit of the skill and enterprise of the passing century. The natural historian is not now held to be accomplished in his department of science, unless, by the inspection of a few of—even the smaller bones of an animal, found perhaps far beneath the surface of the earth, he has the skill to determine, whether it belonged to any existing species, or whether its species has become extinct; and if extinct, in what order and with what genus it is to be arranged.\* From organic remains buried in the strata of the earth, it has been attempted, and not without some success, to determine the number and nature of the revolutions which our globe has undergone, and the series of animated races which have successively occupied its surface.

A principle of science often becomes a rule of art; and hence it is, that we are, in a great measure, ultimately indebted to science for improvements in those arts which confer fresh value on life itself, by adding to the enjoyments which constitute much of its value. The researches of Physical Astronomy have given the most admirable precision to our lunar and solar tables;—these have given increased accuracy to our determinations of the longitude;—and this again has imparted un-

\* See Boston Journal of Philosophy and the Arts, vol. I. 260. Miss Edgeworth has made good use of the wonderful skill acquired by the greatest of modern natural historians—she says, “as Cuvier could tell from the first sight of a single bone what the animal was, what were its habits, and to what class it belonged, so any person early used to good company can, by the first gesture, the first general manner of being, passive or active, tell whether a stranger, even scarcely seen, is or is not a gentleman.”—*Helen I.* 92.

exampled security to navigation, and to the lives of those "who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business upon the great waters."<sup>\*</sup> By experiment, Mr. Dollond ascertained the fact, that the dispersive power of different optical media is not proportioned to their mean refractive power, a fact which had escaped the sagacity of Sir Isaac Newton;—and this led to a most valuable improvement in the structure of refracting telescopes. Baron Napier, when he invented Logarithms, with all his sagacity and depth of thought, knew not the richness of the vein he was working; he did not foresee, that in the future progress of the mathematical sciences, they were scarcely to advance a step, without developing some new consequences of his prolific invention, and some new applications of it to branches of science, which, in his time, had no existence. Thus it is, ever has been, and must ever continue to be;—the works of nature are inexhaustible in their extent and in their relations to each other; the sciences now known will continue to advance, and others will spring up, crowning life with the conveniences, comforts and elegancies, which it is their office to dispense with so liberal a hand.

3. Another prominent characteristic of the times in which we live, is the system of foreign colonization pursued by the principal maritime nations, especially by Great Britain.

Colonial establishments, it is true, were well known in ancient times; but the spirit in which they originated, was widely different from that of the modern establishments called by the same name. The Grecian colonies were the offspring of individual enterprise; the mother country neither claimed nor exercised any substantial authority over them, and they yielded nothing more than a nominal submission and respect.<sup>†</sup> The Roman establishments which have been called colonies, and compared with those of our times, were military stations; garrisons placed in conquered countries; advanced posts of a great army, and corresponded very much to the advanced military stations posted in our Western wilderness, designed to protect our frontier settlements and preserve peace among the Indian tribes.<sup>‡</sup>

The modern system of colonization commenced with Columbus, and has since kept pace with the progress of maritime and inland discovery. The consequences of this system are still unfolding themselves to our view, and by the light of the past, we may anticipate future results, rather with the confidence which attends demonstration than with that which belongs to contingencies. Between the years 1607 and 1733, thirteen British colonies were planted along this coast. They continued feeble and struggling for existence during many years. The perils of their situation imparted to them the high qualities of an energetic will, self reliance amid difficulties, a fearless sense of independence, and an unexampled spirit of enterprise. It is now more than half a century, since they set themselves in successful array against the abuses and usurpations of the most powerful nation on the globe. A little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. Ten millions of inhabitants sprung from an European ancestry, are scattered over the wide domain of our republic. New States are forming in the wilderness, and

\* Ps. cvii, 23. † Brougham's Colonial Policy, Vol. I. p. 27. ‡ Idem, Vol. I. p. 15.

our wealth and population are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is supposed to increase four fold, and the latter two fold in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.\* In fifty years from this time, our population will amount to fifty millions, and at the end of a century, to two hundred millions. The more Southern portion of this immense continent is overspread with a like system of colonial establishments.

Nor is the system of European colonization with its mighty results, destined to be confined to this continent. In the extensive, fertile, and salubrious regions of Australasia, colonies have been planted, and are beginning to flourish; the forests are disappearing, the natives are retiring, cities are rising;—and all the scenes are acting over again, which have transformed the wilds of America into the fair inheritance which we now enjoy. In a century from this time, Australasia must contain millions of British Freemen;—perhaps several sovereign States. When that day comes, what an increase of strength may we anticipate to the cause of free institutions? What vehicle of thought will then be so extensively used, as our own rich and noble language? What an extension will Christianity receive, with all its renovating, purifying, and elevating influences?

4. This is an age, in which, a vast impulse has been given to the great cause of civil and religious freedom.

The light of free institutions shone in ancient Greece with a dazzling and irregular brightness, rather than with a steady and permanent lustre. The Roman Empire at different periods of its history, fluctuated between the extremes of licentiousness and servitude.† Still in ordinary times, the Romans enjoyed no inconsiderable share of regulated freedom. Roman citizenship secured respect and honor through the wide limits of the Empire. St. Paul even in the distant and obscure province of Judea, and surrounded by persecutors, found protection from scourging in his birthright of Roman citizenship, and even “the Chief Captain was afraid, (of the consequences) after he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him.”‡ The spirit of the Germanic nations, which overthrew the Roman Empire, was free to the extremities of licentiousness. The majestic temple of British freedom, raised at an immense expense of life and treasure,§ was incomplete until the revolution of 1688, and our free institutions are the earliest shoots of the strong and vigorous English stock. The American revolution first practically established the great political truth, that government is instituted for the benefit of the people, and may be rightfully changed or abolished, as their interests may be found to require. How rapid has been the spread of free principles in Europe and in the more Southern portion of this continent, during the present century. And if the friends of free principles have been disappointed in some of their expectations; let us still trust to the redeeming spirit of free institutions, and maintain an unshaken faith, that, if the tree of liberty is of slow growth, its time of maturity will ultimately come, when its goodly boughs shall overshadow the earth, and its fruit shall refresh all nations.

\* Bancroft's United States, I. p. 2. † Tacitus' Life of Agricola, C. 2. ‡ Acts xxii. 24—29. § See Vattel's Law of Nations, B. I. Ch. 2. § 24.

Religious liberty has grown up by the side of its twin sister political liberty, and has had its full share of arduous struggles and fiery trials. Freedom of conscience is even more sacred than security of person, reputation and estate; inasmuch as our imperishable interests are more valuable than our temporal welfare. Wiclif, Luther, Calvin and Cranmer first broke the yoke of ecclesiastical oppression. In our times, Mackintosh, Brougham, Wellington, and Earl Grey, have given a fresh impulse to this cause, in Great Britain, by procuring the civil disabilities of a large class of British subjects, to be abolished. We may trust, that a cause so righteous, is destined to achieve new triumphs, until the principle shall be universally acknowledged in Christian countries, that the Bible is the only authentic standard of religious truth; and until the right of private judgment in the interpretation of its contents, shall no longer be made a subject of controversy or question.

5. But there is another characteristic of the present age, still more interesting, and still more encouraging than any to which I have before adverted. At no period since the days of the Apostles and their immediate successors, have exertions, equally energetic and successful, been made for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind. In this, as in similar undertakings universally, the great object as well as the great difficulty has always been to reach the common people; but in the vastly increased facilities for printing and in the plan of Sunday instruction, the enterprise and spirit of our times have devised a means as simple, as it promises to be effectual. Thousands of teachers and hundreds of thousands of children, from every class of society, are weekly instructed in the first rudiments of education; especially in moral and religious truth, in their duties to God, to their country and their neighbour;—and the Sunday, by this appropriation of a part of it, has, by uniting rest from labour with useful instruction, become of enhanced and before unknown value, to the laborious classes of the community.\* No sight can be more gratifying than this, to every man of patriotic feeling, and in no institution can we see more convincing evidence, that our free institutions are held by a stable tenure, and are destined to a permanent existence. The enterprise, moreover, has been undertaken and successfully accomplished, of furnishing a copy of the sacred Scriptures, to every destitute family in the United States, which is willing to receive one.

The people of the United States have hazarded the experiment of refusing to connect any one form of Christianity with their civil government, or to sustain it by the arm of the civil authority. And while the people have, in their wisdom, retained the Christian religion as the basis of their moral, civil and political institutions, this has been left to depend for its existence and extension on its own intrinsic evidence and strength, and on the attachment of those who embrace its doctrines and are sustained by its consolations. The experiment is promising, but its results cannot yet be regarded as entirely decisive.† Pious, intelligent and patriotic Christians have long since perceived, that the preservation of Christianity among us, is not to be expected without united, energetic and persevering endeavours. To this end, unusual efforts are making among

\* *Nat. Gazette*, Oct. 27, 1832.      † See *Boston Recorder*, 14th Nov. 1834.

Christians of every name, to increase the number of faithful and well qualified ministers of the gospel. And more than a thousand young men, within the United States, are, at this time, in a course of education for the Christian ministry. The Word of Life must be comparatively feeble in its influence, without the living minister of truth, to explain its doctrines, to enforce its precepts, to administer its ordinances, and to illustrate its heavenly spirit in his life and conversation. The principle, moreover, is becoming more generally acknowledged, that success in spreading the gospel, does not depend so much on the number, as on the personal, literary, moral and religious qualifications of ministers. Hence, more adequate provision has been made, and is still making for clerical education. Our young men who are aspiring to the ministry, make themselves familiar with the best critics of Germany, as well as with the rich and various theological learning of Great Britain. Nor has the zealous and enterprising spirit of the present day, satisfied itself with the prospect of supplying our own country with a pious and learned ministry. Christians, both in the United States and in Great Britain, are looking upon the world, with an eye which embraces all unchristian nations in its comprehensive vision. They have heard the cry of nations perishing in the darkness of heathenism, and have responded to the call. Fully five hundred mission families have been established at well selected points in heathen and Mahometan countries; and within the present century, the great cause of Christianity has been crowned with the special blessing of its divine author.

Such, young gentlemen, are the characteristics of the age to which you belong, and in which you are to act a part;—and from this view of them, brief and imperfect as it is, you may understand the advantages you are to enjoy, and the obligations you are to fulfil. The great causes of literature, of science, of public and private morals, of good government and of pure religion, will all have claims upon your attention and co-operation. The advancement of these great interests, is equally essential to our national honour and national happiness. How agreeable would it be, if you could add to the stock of our rising literary wealth. The mine of our literature is, indeed, rich almost beyond example; its returns cannot fail amply to reward the enterprising and skillful workman; and Irving, Cooper, Channing, Sparks, and many others, have extracted, and are still extracting, in abundance, the golden treasures of knowledge, from its numerous and productive veins. With what honour would your names go down to all succeeding time, if you could connect them with some invention or discovery; such as will cause the names of Aristotle, of Archimedes, of Columbus, of Newton, of Locke, of La Place, of Watt and of Fulton, never to be forgotten, as long as science continues to be useful and truth remains valuable. How full of satisfaction will be the reflection, if, spared by Providence to an advanced age, you can look back upon life with a consciousness, that the great cause of public and private virtue has been advanced by your sentiments, your firmness and perseverance in withstanding vice, and more than all, by your own spotless example. How much might the cause of good government be sustained by a generation of such statesmen as Aristides, Cicero, Sully, Chatham, Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Madison.

How full of honor, of dignity and of usefulness might your lives be, if you were to consecrate them peculiarly to the service of your Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier, in the ministry of the everlasting gospel. How would you rise above all the transient and fading honors which man can bestow; if as heralds of the cross, you could be instrumental in turning many to righteousness, and in causing them to shine as the stars forever and ever.

But it may never be your lot to be useful and distinguished as men of learning and science, as reformers of private and public morals, as statesmen, or as ministers of the gospel of Christ. Nor is this necessary to render your future lives eminently useful and honorable. The structure of our society requires good citizens and upright men in every walk and relation of life. If your names shall never be adorned with the distinctions of literary and scientific renown; you may advance the still more important interest of universal elementary education. If you never preach the gospel of Christ, you may make its divine spirit the governing principle of your lives, and in this way, you may give it the most effectual of all recommendations. You will make the greatest of all mistakes, you will commit the most fatal of all errors, if, in forming your plans of life, you confine your views and prospects to the scene of things and events with which you are surrounded, and neglect that supreme wisdom which pertains to salvation. Time and all its concerns, in which we are now so intensely engaged, will soon be to us as the things before the deluge. One of the small number of our graduates, who belonged to the same class with those who have this day been admitted to the higher honors of the College, a youth full of health, of hope and of promise, was, a few months only after graduation, under the most afflicting circumstances, consigned to a premature grave.\* It is becoming to preserve this young man in our remembrance, and it is suitable, that in his brief career and untimely end, we should see fresh illustration of the frail tenure by which we hold our own earthly existence. You see the fathers, the patrons, the guardians† of the institution fall before you; you see your own youthful associates fall by your side.

This day closes the long and interesting period, during which I have sustained the relation of a parent to you, so far as your education is concerned. Your future course will be observed by me with a kind and watchful interest. No circumstances can ever render me insensible, to whatever of good or of evil, may, hereafter, in the order of Providence, pertain to you. May heaven shed on your future paths, its kindest, its selectest influences.

\* Francis Kinloch Simons, was graduated at the commencement of 1831, (24th March,) together with James Adger, I. Stockton Keith Axson, William Elliott, G. H. W. Petrie, C. Cotesworth Pinckney, John P. Porcher, and James Hamilton Prioleau. On the 8th February next, after his graduation, Mr. Simons was thrown from his horse and killed. He had commenced and was successfully prosecuting the study of the law. I may add, that five of those who were graduated with him are now clergymen of the most respectable talents and standing in the community.

† The following Trustees of the College died, during the three months immediately preceding the commencement, at which this address was delivered 31st October, 1834, to wit, Sedgwick Lewis Simons, Esq. on the 7th August; Elias Horry, Esq. 17th September; and Thomas S. Grimke, Esq. 1st October.

## THE IDLE MAN.

NUMBER ONE.

THE Idle Man! There is nothing promising in such an introduction. Will you admit him to your pages, Mr. Editor? Will you undergo an acquaintance, gentle reader? How can he interest you—what can he say to win your ear, and keep you from yawning? His vocation holds forth no encouragement; and yet—"how various are the employments of those whom the world calls idle." Various indeed! The term, in half the number of cases, is a wholesale misnomer. Your merchant sneers at your philosopher, who is a monstrous idle man in his estimation; though that same philosopher, in his moment of most seeming idleness, has conceived the plan of the ship in which the world's wealth goes freighted. The philosopher, in turn, regards the merchant, even when laboring most, as leaving unemployed one half of the noblest attributes of the human intellect. They are quits, both of them are right, and neither of them entirely so. The common mistake is in the notion, that inertness of body is idleness; yet inertness of body does not always betoken inertness of mind. Much thought, unless upon subjects requiring rapidity of mood—honor's battles for example—is incompatible with activity of the frame, and, indeed, of any muscular action whatever. Your student is frequently a sluggard, and lies late o' mornings. The mind is the laborer in his case, and works on regardless, while the body indulges, as it were, all the time, in a most complacent nap. The genuine idler is not so frequently met with as people imagine. He detests his own company with a mortal hatred, and the desire to escape from it, keeps him moving. Not that I would deny the existence of such a creature. I myself, have met, I am free to confess, with more than one of the species—a listless lounger, having a mind and body, alike, impregnated, as our negroes allege of the alligator during the winter months, with a pitch-pine-knot material, uneasy of digestion, and compelling the proprietor to a state of the most perfect dormancy and resignation, so long as the season lasts. Your truly idle man, after this fashion, is one whose capacities will be found but little advanced beyond the confines of idiotism. He is a sort of dead-letter in the great volume of humanity. You turn him over as a fly-leaf; and if you be a politician, seeking a vote, having thumbed him well first, you put your mark without difficulty upon him.

It is next to impossible, however, for even such a creature to be perfectly an idle man. The mind, however limited, cannot be idle. The very faculty presupposes a sleepless activity, and the most indefatigable and predominant life. The thoughts are perpetually busy. They must be doing something—no matter what—which keeps them in motion. There is, indeed, but one class that may fairly lay claim to be considered idle; and that is the class which is idle from profession. I am of that class—it is my vocation; and I confidently take the title of an Idle Man to myself, without fear of touching upon any rights insisted upon by my neighbors.

I have studied my profession closely. No luke-warm student was I. My parents were never compelled to urge me to my tasks; I had a natural taste for their enjoyment. From boyhood I loved to lie in the sun, shut my eyes, and exclude the cares of life with the daylight. I basked in his beams with as much pleasure, and far more judgment than the lizard. I did not wriggle about from pillar to post, but kept in the one spot as long as it was possible for me to do so; and that spot was always the most hallowed in my estimation, which I could for the longest period, indulge in undisturbed.

Doubtless, you have yet to learn the luxury of such a life. You have something to live for. The striving man is your discontent, and happiness, you know, or so the philosophers for a thousand years have insisted, can come only from content. Your idle man is the only person who may lay claim to such a condition. Stand out of his sunshine, it is all he asks. Trouble him not to listen, and he will hear complacently. Vex him not to think, and he thinks you agreeable. He has no ambition to keep him feverish and sleepless—he has no toils to weary and to prostrate—his cares are only how to be most completely careless, and if he sets about it, earnestly, as I have done, it is marvellous how soon he acquires the art of the most perfect indifference.

And yet, your idle man is frequently as curious as any of his neighbors. He desires knowledge—is ready to receive company, and take his pleasure, along with the rest. But you must not hurry him. He must take all things coolly. He never dresses before the hour arrives, and if he happens to get to tea or church after the service is all over, he consoles himself with the thought that he will now be free of the toil of partaking of them. He likes the contents of a book well enough, but not well enough to take the trouble of reading it. The sound of an instrument is delightful in his ears, but he has no idea of employing his own breath or fingers in bringing it forth. He would relish the intelligence you bring him, but that he hates to ask questions; and he will not have the slightest objection, but on the contrary, find pleasure rather, if you will relate your history while he lies down under the tree by your side, provided you do not wake him up to listen.

He is your only monarch—your idle man—for perfect flexibility—the ready accommodation of our nature or necessities to the general condition of things is the only way to control circumstances, and to compel the acknowledgment of fate and man alike. I feel—I have felt from my earliest youth—that this was the sort of sovereignty for me. Like Constance in the play, I can throw myself at full length upon the thick grass and cry aloud to the struggling and striving multitude—

“This is my throne, let kings come bow to it.”

I am thus enthroned at this moment. I am in my glory, and I enjoy my state unseen. The thick woods crowd about me with their shadowing arms. The evening sun gently flings a stray beam here and there, through the branches, around which the first auspicious green leaves of that exquisite Hebe, Spring, are clustering in beautiful profusion. A bird twitters above me, giving me music, and I have striven—though the exertion was exceedingly great—to emulate his labors. But my

whistle keeps no pace with his full throated merriment, and he has gone infinitely beyond me. That diapason has killed me quite as a rival, and but for the exertion which it required, I should get up and pelt him away with pine-burs, through sheer vexation and jealousy. Talking of music and rivals in music, do you remember that exquisite passage in Ford, which describes a contest between a bird and a girl? The bird is beaten and breaks her heart in consequence. It is as harmonious a piece of composition as any in the language, and worthy of the beautiful conceit which it embodies. Perhaps you know little of Ford, and would like to hear something of him. I know but little myself, but since that bird has provoked me, I will tell you all that I know.

Of Ford's abilities as a dramatist for the stage, apart from his poetical capacities, public opinion appears to be settled by his full exclusion from performance. There are but few of his plays, which, even with great pains and labor, could be altered and adapted to representation. "The Broken Heart," is one of the most susceptible of adaptation to this purpose, admitting of much fine action, and many beautiful *tableaux*; but the details, generally, are too horrible for the taste of our day—the malice quite too atrociously disgusting; and the mechanism—above all—too grotesque and artificial even for the audience which tolerates, "The deep, deep sea." Still, as a work of poetry, and fine thought, the play is a noble performance. The versification is, generally, not merely correct, but fanciful—the fancies are usually sweet and elevated, and the pathetic interest of many of the scenes, of the most painfully touching nature. The author has bestowed much labor upon it, and it fully deserved his toils. Nor, in this one instance, only, does Ford rank high in the possession of these characteristics. His plays are generally close in their adhesion to the first plan of the author, and his delineation of character is good. Poetic justice is meted out with a solemn regard to the true standards, and though but few of his plays are fit for stage representation, there is not one of them that would not read pleasantly in the closet.

As a poet—referring to that character in its true signification—Ford, would not, perhaps, take very high rank. His diction is smooth enough, usually, sometimes elegant, and occasionally strong, but he lacks the noble daring of the inspired bard. He seldom arrests our pulses with any very brilliant and imposing passage. He is frequently, not merely inharmonious, but clumsy in expression; and his wing never ventures so far from the mundane sphere upon which he exhibits, as entirely to defy the pursuits of our vision. He has no fine phrenzies—no glorious madness, where the fancy whirls away into the blue atmosphere, catching the glow and glitter of the sunbeam, and sending forth the wild melodies of that freed bird, which is genius awakening, and bidding defiance to his bars. Our author, on the contrary, is as regular and staid in his flights and fancies as the most orthodox divine of a summer afternoon. If he happens to wing a thought with a most heavenward fancy, he amply and soon atones for the momentary indulgence by as suddenly and certainly falling back into the old hundred pace of the timeless week-a-day. He seldom aims extravagantly, and we say much in his behalf, when, in justice we add, that he contrives, most commonly, to hit that

which he aims at. His style is clear, easy, seldom broken, though, perhaps, not often comprehensive, nor excursive. He deals less than his contemporaries, in this fashion so exaggerated by Sidney, of crowding parenthesis upon parenthesis, until the whole sense becomes confused with useless glitter, and stuffed with unnecessary epithet. His very evenness and method is a fault in his poetry. We desire an occasional flight—an incidental abruptness, an unexpected dash from under the curb—a sudden scream, wild note, and unregulated upsoaring. Nothing more delights us in Shakspeare, than his unlooked for whirl in air—singing, like our own mocking, as he flies—and when we least look for it, surprising us with a burst of delicious music from the green groves of fairy land—when, as if tired with the dull trot of his Pegasus, he drives the rowel into his side, and diverts himself, as well as the spectator, with a graceful and lofty carcole, that compels from all, the homage of unfettered admiration. Ford is a more prudent cavalier. He never risks his neck so gallantly. He is perfectly content, if his steed does not actually stumble, to keep him in the high road, and under a stout curb that prevents all excesses. He does not much consult or consider the elegance of his gait, yet we are willing to admit that his carriage is neat, not wanting in grace, though perhaps, sometimes sadly deficient in spirit.

But talking of the general merits of Ford, I had almost forgotten the "Rival Musicians." The scream of that chattering bird reminds me of it, and if you will listen, gentle reader, I think you will admire. It is taken from a favorite piece called "The Lover's Melancholy," and its harmony is inimitable. The subject has been often treated, but never, any where with such success. I have thrown out one or two passages which were unnecessary to the narrative, and it is now unique. It is a gem far more worthy of our miscellanies than ninety nine in the hundred of their usual selections.

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales  
 Which poets of an elder time have feign'd  
 To glorify their Temple, bred in me  
 Desire of visiting that paradise.  
 To Thessaly I came; and living private,  
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions  
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,  
 I day by day frequented silent groves,  
 And solitary walks. One morning early  
 This accident encounter'd me: I heard  
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
 That art and nature ever were at strife in.  
 A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather,  
 Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,  
 Invited by the melody, I saw  
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
 Proclaiming, as it seem'd so bold a challenge  
 To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
 That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,  
 Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.  
 From out the list'ning wood, a nightingale,  
 Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes  
 The challenge, and for every several strain  
 The well shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;

He could not run division with more art  
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
 The nightingale, did with her various notes  
 Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,  
 Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe  
 That such they were, than hope to hear again.  
 I term them rightly rivals in dispute,  
 For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.  
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
 Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,  
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
 To end the controversy, in a rapture  
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
 So many voluntaries and so quick,  
 That there was curiosity and cunning,  
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.  
 And now, that gentle bird, ordain'd to be  
 Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
 These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat  
 Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,  
 And broke her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,  
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse,  
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears;  
 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide  
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me  
 That hour, a fellow mourner with himself.  
 He look'd upon the trophies of his art,  
 Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried,  
 "Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge  
 This cruelty upon the author of it;  
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,  
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace  
 To an untimely end;" and in that sorrow,  
 As he was pushing it against a tree,  
 I suddenly stepp'd in.

I think, if I were a potentate, I should make an express edict against your laughing people—your great jesters—your irreverend mirth-makers. Not that I do not like them well enough, and relish their jokes. But that is the misfortune. You like to hear, and they to narrate, and they thrust their strange stuff into your ears, until you fatigue yourself to death with laughing. An idle man, is, to a certain extent, a melancholy one. He should not enjoy any pleasure which may in the slightest degree interfere with his profession. His principles should be fixed and habitual, and he should incline only to serious things with this very object. Sad songs, dull sermons, the oblivious wind among the trees, and the distant hum of ocean—these all contribute to that agreeable torpor—that sublimated languor of repose, which is his true element. There is nothing so impertinent as mirth. It stops at no salutary medium—it breaks down all barriers of decorum—it comes in with its broad mouth, little eyes, and shaking sides, and it disturbs all the quiet of an idle man's sanctuary. There is a bore of that sort coming towards me now. I hear his confounded horse laugh a mile off in the woods, and spite of the dreadful exertion, I must move off to another tree less in the thorough-

fare. If I do not, he will quarter himself upon me for an hour, seize me by the button, and tell me over and over, the matter which makes him yell so unaccountably. This done, he will yell again, more loudly than ever, and I—I shall be compelled to yell too, until my sides ache, simply in self defence.

It was a desperate effort, but, thank Heaven, a successful one. I hear him no longer, and every thing around me is quiet. The very birds are silent. The winds seem to have folded up their wings for repose, and night begins to brood with her gloomy and extended arms over all the visible nature. I will wait longer here, till the moon rises, as it will then be much easier for me to find my way home, though to be sure, should I happen to fall asleep meanwhile, under this tree, it will scarcely be necessary for me to take that trouble, since it is only to sleep that I would return home. Excuse me, if I say no more, sweet reader, at the present moment. The exertions I have already made have fatigued me quite; and to continue them would be rather ill advised, and surely unprofessional on the part of an

IDLE MAN.

## VERSION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

Around the close and well wrought bark,  
The right blast moaned with fitful sweep,  
And ruin in each rising gust  
Shrieked from the troubled deep,  
With tear-wet cheek and glances wild,  
Then Danæe clasped her tender child.

My boy! she cried—what wo is mine!  
Yet thou the while dost slumber well;  
How softly heaves that infant breast,  
Rocked in thy joyless cell!  
Thy cradle on the starlit wave,  
Storm tossed, and darksome as the grave.

The billows dashing round thy head  
Wet not thy curled and clustering hair;  
Thou dost not heed the whistling wind,  
Thy sleep the tempests spare:  
In purple mantle wrapt—thy face  
So lovely in unconscious grace!

Yet lest this peril fright thy rest,  
Hear not—heed not—thy mother's wail;  
I bid thee sleep, my gentlest child!  
And sleep, thou treacherous gale!  
And thou, immeasurable deep,  
With all thy perilous heavings—sleep!

Repent thee, Jove, of this device,  
Repent and stay thy purpose cold!  
Tis for mine infant I entreat,  
And if my words be bold—  
Remember, from the cruel wave  
A mother prays—Forgive and save!

E. F. E.

Columbia, S. C.

## ON HISTORICAL AUTHENTICITY AND THE VALUE OF HUMAN TESTIMONY AS TO FACTS.

## NUMBER TWO.

SOME years ago, I sent two or three essays on this subject to a Northern periodical of confined circulation, and which has now gone into the land of oblivion. The subject is unhackneyed, and of very great importance. I have looked over my former lucubrations, and deem it worth while to send you a refaciamento deliberately served up. I hardly know a literary question on which the public, generally, have more confused ideas than the credit due to Historical Narratives. History is, or ought to be, a faithful record of the actual experience of past ages, from whence we are to draw lessons for the present, and conclusions for the future. And it is well calculated to serve these useful purposes, where the facts are presented to us on evidence that authorises our confidence in the narrative; for human nature is the same in all ages; very often a strange similarity of occurrences is placed before us; and even when the circumstances differ, if they are fairly and faithfully related, that difference can be allowed for in practical deductions. But all conclusions drawn from accounts that cannot be fully relied on—that rest on dubious and imperfect evidence—can only mislead; and serve but to tempt us to waste our time and our thought. Men of science, have long ago discovered this; and a fact or experiment so imperfectly detailed as to remain open to reasonable objections, is rejected without hesitation; as furnishing no ground for useful conclusion. We must recur therefore, in history to that severity of criticism that we exact in science; and give credit only when the weight of testimony compels our belief. Nine-tenths of all profane history must on this plan be rejected; but the remainder will serve as lessons of experience, to which we can safely trust without being harrassed by doubts and scruples as to the fidelity and accuracy of the narration that is to serve as a basis for our reasonings. In the following essay, much apposite and useful illustration might have been adduced from ecclesiastical history since the commencement of the Christian era. But I am very glad my plan does not require, and your plan does not admit of travelling in those rough and miry roads. All my remarks therefore, I beg to be considered as relating to profane history, and that alone. Ecclesiastical narration, must of necessity touch upon facts that are based on testimony peculiar to itself; and if treated at all, requires to be treated in the peculiar spirit of honest, ecclesiastical research, which refers to evidence of a different and graver character than profane history can pretend to.

In referring in the former part of this essay, to the authors who have written on history generally, to Lucian, to Freret, to Mably, to Voltaire, to Volney, to Horace Walpole, I omitted Lord Bolingbroke, but independently of more popular objections, he is too wordy and diffuse, to offer more than unsystematized and desultory reflections.

The means of arriving at truth, whether as to past facts of history, or

to past facts in the common occurrences of life, are the same; and whether they relate to the payment of a sum of money, the title to a tract of land, or the progress of a revolution, we must depend on the relation of witnesses, oral or written—on written documents or records—or on the reasonable conclusions afforded by ascertained collateral and connected facts; that is on circumstantial evidence. The rules for judging of the value of the evidence offered, is the same, whatever be the object of inquiry.

It may be assumed as a general rule not liable to be contested, that the best witness, and indeed the only witness worthy of implicit credit, in a dubious case, is a man present at the time—in full and active possession of his senses at the time—of unimpeachable good character and veracity—of competent understanding and knowledge—free from all bias of personal interest—or individual favor or affection—and from all party motive or *esprit de corps* political or theological, arising from his connection with a party, clan or sect—and having had full opportunity of observing and examining the facts he relates. Even such a witness is not to be implicitly relied on, unless there be full opportunity also allowed to sift and analyse his testimony by public cross examination; and to confront him by other persons who may give variant testimony. I lay this down as the result of long experience of every judge and every lawyer of repute, of any and every Court. A defect in any of the requisites above enumerated, furnishes a defalcation of credibility.

The same scrupulous analysis must take place, wherever a public record, or monument is adduced as evidence of a fact. Who gives credit now to the pillar said to be found at Cadiz, purporting to be erected by those who fled from the face of the robber Joshua, the son of Nun? Who will take the collection of Greeter as authority *en masse*? Or give credit to the column at Ilyssa concerning Osiris, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus? Pope's objection to the monument on Fish Street Hill, is a valid one,

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies!"

The objections of Mr. Robertson to the Parian Chronicle, (the Oxford or Arundelian Marbles) furnish an instance of the way in which a subject of this kind ought to be examined, although I think he has failed in shaking their authenticity as private records of common belief. So, the Catholics object to the entries in the Lambeth books as to the succession of Bishops, and the Dissenters to the clause in the twentieth of the thirty nine articles claiming for the Church, "authority in matters of faith." See Collins's paper in the collection of tracts by Lord Somers. The Zodiac of Tentyra, (Dendera) is now considered as of the Ptolemaic age. Nor can an historian dispense with reasonings derived from circumstantial evidence, which indeed he is compelled to resort to, almost as frequently as direct evidence. I am aware of the objections of the Bar to Philip's collection of criminal cases of circumstantial evidence, but the opinions of the profession are, as they well may be, divided as to the authority due to them in practice.

Courts of Justice are so much in the habit of discussing the value of evidence submitted to their decision, that there are a set of rules adopted

by the common consent of all legal writers on the subject, which may be regarded as the Canons of Evidence. In the British and American Courts these rules have been laboriously established by repeated discussions and trials of their utility. Nor has any one branch of the law attracted so much attention as the Law of Evidence. It did not begin to be systematically treated in England till the time of Chief Baron Gilbert. The compilations on the subject of Evidence in the old Digests are meagre, and far from being adequate to the numerous cases that the prodigious extent of dealing within the last century has given rise to. Buller's elementary treatise on the law of *Nisi Prius* was the first book that shewed the necessity of strict attention to the rules of evidence, and the practice of examination and cross examination. This book first brought the young practitioners at the bar to study the particular *gist* of the inquiry before the Court, as depending on and included in the form of action brought by the Plaintiff; and taught them how to avoid or to press a non-suit according as the evidence was or was not skilfully applied to this point by the opposite counsel. The scanty remarks on evidence in the *Trial per Pais* and other old books of *Nisi Prius* practice, were enlarged after Buller, by Espinasse, by Peake, by Philips, by M'Nally, and lastly by the heavy and dull, but full and accurate book of Starkie; of which the American edition with useful notes by Mr. Ingraham, is the most valuable work on this subject we now possess. Philips has more talent than Starkie, whose plodding summary of the detestable law of libel, adopted and improved in all its worst features by Mr. Holt, to the disgrace of American jurisprudence adopted here, is a very inferior compilation; but as Starkie on Evidence, is now considered as the book of practical reference for the profession in this country, I shall adopt it also for my present purpose. I would observe by the way, that the *People vs. Croswell*, in New-York, is and ought to be, the leading and guiding case on the law of libel in America, and the arguments of Col. Hamilton and Judge Kent, the best summary extant on that branch of criminal law.

But we are not to expect in history the same accuracy as we observe in a court of law. For 1st. In history the historians are voluntary narrators; they do not write as a witness speaks, under compulsion. 2d. We never know the real motives that actuate an historian to write. 3d. We have no means of exercising the valuable privilege of oral examination in public, or the truly invaluable privilege of cross examination. 4th. He has it in his power, without being called to account, unless by laborious criticism, a science yet in its infancy, to adduce what testimony he pleases, to select or neglect what testimony he pleases, to give it what complexion best suits his own views, and to admit, if he pleases, documents that would be troublesome or difficult to obtain. Some one offered Vertot some recently acquired information as to the taking of a town. *J' ai fait mon siège*, said Vertot.\*

On all these points, courts of justice with their means and appliances,

\*Mr. Brodie in his remarks on Hume's History, furnishes an example of something like cross examination, that bears hard on Hume's fairness, as well as on his accuracy.

have greatly the advantage of a reader of history. Still there are rules and canons established by common sense and experience, that are open to the honest searcher after truth, whether in a cause before a court, or in the page of the historian. These I shall endeavor to lay down; using for the purpose two books only of legal authority; one on the practice of the Law of Evidence, the other on the Theory, viz: *Starkie on the Law of Evidence*, in 3 vols. 8 vo. 1828, American edition; and the *Traité des preuves Judiciaires*, compiled from the manuscript notes of Jeremiah Bentham, by Etienne Dumont, in 2 vols. Paris 1823; both of them strictly legal. The last has since been expanded by Mr. Bentham himself, into a Treatise on Judicial Evidence, in 5 vols. reviewed by me in the Southern Review.

And first of the *Testimony of Witnesses*.

1st. Objections to the *Competency*—that is to the admissibility of a witness being examined at all, are in modern practice narrowed down to (a) exclusions by positive law for infamy; (b) exclusions for heterodoxy becoming gradually out of fashion; for if a witness is not to be believed on his oath on an examination in chief, where is the pretence for believing him on his *voir dire*? Let me be the Court for a minute or two.

*Counsel*.—We object to the admissibility of this witness, because he does not believe in a God.

*Court*.—Prove it; or perhaps you mean to call him up on his *voir dire*.

*Counsel*.—To the witness. Do you believe in a God, the moral governor of the universe?

*Witness*.—I do not. I am an atheist.

*Counsel*.—The Court hears what the witness says.

*Court*.—Yes, but your objection is, that he is utterly unworthy of credit, if he be an atheist, and therefore the Court cannot believe him when he says so; his own testimony cannot prove him to be an atheist, for if he be one, he is not to be believed. You must prove the fact *aliunde*.

(c) Exclusions also arise from interest in the result of the cause—in the question before the Court. It has been determined, that a witness may be interested in the *principle of decision* on which the cause depends, and be admissible; but not if he be directly interested in the *question actually before the Court*. An interest in the principle, however, will produce a strong bias.

Suppose an historian like Mr. Hume to be a decided monarchist, or like Mr. Carte to be a Jacobite, their representations would not be the same of the same transactions as those of Mrs. Macaulay, Mr. Brodie, or Mr. Godwin; although with dispositions equally honest. So, Dr. Lingard's account of the relative behaviour of Protestants and Catholics to each other, will not be precisely such as a thorough Protestant would present to us. Yet, of Dr. Lingard's fairness and accuracy, I know of no impeachment. Cobbett's account of the Reformation, although he was no Catholic by profession, is virulently anti-Protestant in his colouring of the transactions. While the two late books by Miss Reed and Miss Monk, "Six Months in a Convent," are detestable productions of Protestant bigotry; the last a wicked forgery, if the mother of Miss Monk is to be credited.

Another ground of exclusion (d) is, where the examination if answered,

would compel the witness to criminate himself. This is an objection of stronger force in England than in other countries of Europe, where Courts are not so scrupulous, especially in a criminal case. In France, the criminal is required to answer the questions of this bearing, put to him by the Judge.

(e) Any pecuniary interest, any prospect of gain or bettering of circumstances, by the result of the decision, or the avoidance of any loss, any benefit in short, expectant on the event of the cause before the Court that may operate as a bias, ought, on general principles, to exclude the testimony of a witness so situated. Of course, the witness ought to be excluded, if it can be shewn that he was employed, hired or paid, to give testimony in a particular way, by actual payment, or by payment in promise or expectancy. I happened to be present in court in Philadelphia many years ago, when a cause came on before the Supreme Court, in which an Insurance Company was concerned. Judges Yates and Smith sat on the hearing. Judge Smith refused to take part in the proceedings because he was interested as a stockholder to the amount of three or four cents. It was urged, this cannot be considered as a bias; his reply was, where will you draw the line as to the quantum of pecuniary interest? What may be no bias to one man, may be one to another.

All other objections apply, not to the *competency* or *admissibility* of a witness, but to his *credibility* only. They impeach the value of his testimony, and furnish reason for defalcation from the respect otherwise due to it. Among the grounds of absolute exclusion under the head of *infamy*, the English law includes all offences founded in fraud, and which come within the general notion of the *crimen falsi* of the Roman law, as perjury, forgery, swindling, cheating, piracy, 2d Starkie, 715. Undoubtedly, an historian convicted of a deliberate falsehood is unworthy of belief, unless the facts he relates carry with them intrinsic probability. In general, the accounts of the same transactions by the historians of hostile nations, are very discordant; such are those of the wars between France and England, and England and America. The accounts of the naval engagements between English and American vessels during the late war, are utterly irreconcileable.

2ndly. All evidence is either direct or presumptive. Direct evidence may be impugned or confirmed by other direct evidence, and also by presumptive evidence. *Direct* evidence, is where the facts in dispute are communicated by those who have had actual knowledge of them by means of their own senses. *Presumptive* evidence is where a fact is not directly and positively known and testified, but is inferred as a reasonable conclusion from other collateral facts and circumstances connected with it, and which are known, 1 Starkie, 23. It frequently happens that no direct and positive evidence can be had; and often where it can be had, it becomes necessary to try its weight and accuracy by means of the presumptions arising from surrounding circumstances with which it may be compared. The want of written documents, the fallaciousness of the human memory, the strong temptations which so often occur, to suppress what is true, and to fabricate what is untrue, render it necessary to call in every aid to ascertain the real truth, 1 Starkie, 19, 23. If this be so often necessary in questions before a Court, it is still more ne-

cessary in historical criticism, where we see the operation of party bias. In the very difficult and dangerous province of an historian, the assignment of motives of action, the doctrine of presumptive evidence comes perpetually into play. Indeed I am of opinion, that historians exercise their ingenuity too much and too often in the assignment of motives to actions. Motives lie more frequently at the surface, than ingenious reasoners are apt to suspect. *Les Grands Evenemens par les petites Causes*, is a book not read as much as it ought to be. The wash-hand basin, Mrs. Masham, Queen Ann, and the Dutchess of Marlborough, had more to do with the downfall of the Whig Ministry, than Queen Ann and her Tory favorites. Sir George Saville, so many years member from Yorkshire, declared to a friend of mine, that throughout the whole of his parliamentary career, the ostensible motives held out to the public by Ministers, and for the most part by the opposition also, were in very few cases the real motives of the measures proposed or supported. Nor did he recollect one instance of a parliamentary vote changed by the mere force of argument. If Bub Doddington, (Lord Melcombe of Geo. the second's days) had not told us himself, that he took care to impress on the Duke of Newcastle, that his seven members were *marketable ware*, we might have been at a loss to explain some of the transactions of that day.

Mr. Burgh, toward the end of the first volume of his "*Political Disquisitions*," a book that at length produced the late reform in the representation of the people of Great Britain, states, that during the early stage of the American War, the same Sir George Saville stood up in his place in the House of Commons, and declared publicly, that at the close of each session of Parliament, a present of £500 sterling was sent to every member who had steadily supported the Ministry during the session, even by a silent vote; that he had then the list in his pocket, and challenged the Minister to call for it. Perhaps some Sir George Saville might be useful in the present day, to make a similar challenge to the leaders of our majority in Congress; for all history teaches us, that *as it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever will be, &c. Amen.* The spoils to the victors—and that every laborer is worthy of his hire—are not new doctrines.

3dly. Our natural reason for believing the declarations of others—for giving credit to human testimony, is our constant observation and experience, that we and other men who have no motive for suppressing or disguising the truth, or for saying what is false—are always inclined to tell truth and not falsehood. Therefore it is, that we repose confidence in the veracity of others, when we see no reason why we should not do so. We refuse credit to men of bad character—to men known to be guilty of falsehood—to men who are interested to suppress or disguise the truth—because experience teaches us that we cannot place confidence in what such men say. Doubts of their veracity have been associated in our minds with the declarations and narrations of such men.

If our neighbour tells us of some very extraordinary circumstance, not conformable to our previous experience in relation to it, we consider whether our neighbor is a man of veracity generally; whether he has any motive to deceive us in this instance; whether he may not be deceived himself, and liable to mistake in some way or other; and we reason with

ourselves which is most consonant to our past experience, that the facts related should be true, or that he should, from some cause unknown to us, be deceived himself, or from some motive unknown to us, should be induced to vary from the truth. HENCE, although common and usual testimony is sufficient to establish common and usual facts, yet, facts strange, unaccountable, uncommon, cannot be substantiated on merely common evidence. They require a proportional strength of testimony to overcome objections founded on our previous experience of the improbability of such facts.

But though an historian may relate facts, that in the present state of knowledge are utterly incredible to us, we are not therefore always to conclude against his veracity, if in the state of knowledge of his day, they were not incredible to him. Thus, we do not impeach the veracity of Livy and Plutarch on account of the miraculous stories they occasionally insert, because those kind of stories entered into the belief of almost every body in their time. We impute nothing amiss to Shakspeare on account of his witches and apparitions, for every one believed in them in those days. The objection to an historian, therefore is, not that he deliberately relates what *we* know to be untrue, but that he wilfully and deliberately relates what *he* knows to be untrue.

4thly. So, as to presumptive evidence; being accustomed to observe that like antecedents are attended by like consequents, (to use Dr. Thos. Brown's phraseology) we are apt by the constitution of our nature; to infer the one from the other. Hence, our belief in the connexion between motive and action, and our habitual attempts to explain the one by the other. When certain motives and certain actions have been long associated in our minds as the result of our observation and experience, we are naturally led to associate them in fact, and in practical reasonings, 1 Starkie, 23, 30. Hence, the investigation of the motives that lead a man to act thus and thus, is always an important point of judicial inquiry, particularly in cases of crime. For the motive, intention, or *quo animo*, as the lawyers say, constitutes the very essence of all guilt. Hence, the refusal to impute criminality to a man bereft of his understanding.

This is usually considered as one of the most brilliant departments of history; the acute and ingenious discovery of the real motives of historical events, is considered as one of the chief distinctions between history and annals. For my own part, I always suspect any ingenious reasonings of the historians, on a point which can be so seldom made out, as the secret motive of a man's conduct. Very often there is a parade of ingenuity on this subject, that furnishes a sufficient ground to suspect the truth of the reasoning. Motives are usually simple and plain when actually known; but in very many cases they depend on circumstances that can never be known. Sir Robert Walpole's knowledge of secret history, led him to declare, that history was fiction. Let the ingenuity of the historian then, be accompanied by the doubts, the slow, and cautious assent of the reader.

5thly. Presumptions in civil cases at law, may arise against a party, from great neglect, implying dereliction of claim—from the urging of dormant claims—from the offering of inferior instead of the best testimony—from omission to produce evidence easily attainable, or in the par-

ty's power—and in case of a witness, from his having any interest in the cause or the question to be determined—from his connexion with either of the parties—or animosity against either—from any bias arising from *esprit de corps* religious or political; for if he has to give testimony in favor of or against his religious sect, or his political party, it is hardly possible that his testimony should not be tinged or warped by those very strong motives of bias. Presumptions may also arise from character and station in society—from known habits—from occupation—and from various other circumstances that Starkie has enumerated, vol. 1, p. 34, 40. All these presumptions are founded on general observation and experience, and are therefore fair topics of reasoning before we form a conclusion. They may be rebutted by special circumstances. All this is well stated by Starkie, in vol. 1, p. 37, and p. 483. See also the Doctrines of Circumstantial Evidence, vol. 1, p. 478, and of Presumptions, vol. 3, p. 1234.

An historian relates a fact not on his own knowledge and responsibility, but on the authority of some precedent writer from whom he derives the information. Unless that writer is a person well known to the learned world, an acknowledged member of the republic of letters, the historian who cites him, ought to furnish some reasonable evidence that he is not liable to any of these defalcating presumptions. To cite as an authority an author not known, is to cite nobody; and the citation is worthless. Yet how very, very often, is this the case with historians of great credit, and sometimes indeed from necessity; but that necessity should be explained, that the reader may assign a value to the evidence offered.

6thly. It is now therefore, a settled point in valuing historical testimony, that an author who does not speak from his own knowledge, and does not cite accurately the authority on which he relies, is not quotable himself. His accounts are considered as devoid of evidence; he is authority for no fact, and is nearly useless in a library. I know the prejudices that have been raised against Voltaire, an author by whom I have never been misled historically; but he is so negligent in quoting his authorities, that I should not venture to cite him, even where I knew from examination, that his relation of fact, coincided with authentic history. Such an author is useless, for his negligence in this important respect, deprives him of all weight. The custom with many historians of giving in a preliminary page or two a catalogue *raisonnée* of the authors cited in the body of the work, ought to be required as indispensable, where the body of the work is entirely or chiefly compilation. When the needful accuracy is introduced among historians, this requisite will be complied with; that is, when the good sense of the public call for it; not before.

7thly. Positive evidence, is to be preferred to negative. If a man says, I was at such a place, and I saw A there, whom I am well acquainted with—this is to be preferred to the evidence of two or three other persons equally well acquainted with A, who were at the same place, at the same time, and declare they did not see him. For they might be so occupied with other things, that their attention was not called to the presence of A. But if their attention was necessarily called toward him if he was there, and yet they did not see

him, the positive evidence is rendered dubious. As if the witness to his being there, should depose to some singularity of dress or behaviour in A at the time, that made him remarkable, and an object of general attention. So in history, who could speak of the death of the elder Pliny, without noticing the eruption of Vesuvius?

8thly. Hearsay cannot be heard; it is not admissible, 1 Starkie, p. 40, 47. A court and jury must decide on reasonable certainty. There is nothing like certainty in hearsay testimony. Even where the veracity—the perfect knowledge from full opportunity of observation—the good sense—the good character—the freedom from bias of a witness, are all undoubted, doubts may yet arise on his testimony, and often reasonable doubts. The different observations of Sir Walter Raleigh on an affray in the street, under his window, which attracted his attention during the time it lasted, and those of another person actually engaged in it, who came up to Sir Walter, and gave him an account of what passed, is a well known exemplification of the uncertainty that may attend the relations even of unprejudiced eye witnesses, recounting the same fact in good faith. How much greater the uncertainty when we are utterly at a loss as to the character, the means of information, the accuracy, the veracity, the freedom from bias, the other qualifications or disqualifications of the original witness whose evidence is detailed to us at second hand in a loose and general way. The insuperable objection to all such evidence is, *we are deprived of the means of sifting out the truth, and giving due weight to objections by CROSS EXAMINATION, that invaluable preservative against error in testimony.* This objection remains in full force, even where a sufficient answer has been given to the question, why do you not produce before us the original witness? Nor are we able to tell whether the hearsay witness before us was himself attentive, accurate, faithful, impartial, and on the alert to get rid of any error that might be involved in the narrative of his informant. Moreover, to let in hearsay testimony, is to let in all hearsay testimony, of persons however careless, however free from all obligation as to accuracy, or even as to veracity in their narration. It would be to let in all idle clamor, loose and unsifted report, tittle tattle, unexamined, unprobed, unweighed. *On dit* is a liar by common reputation. How little dependence is to be placed on tradition, the indistinct, the loose and careless recollection of an uninterested populace! Even the Indians, who are so much interested in tradition, never rely upon it beyond a century back; so says Major Long, (or Mr. Say) in the first volume of his travels. How much is all known history liable to this weighty objection! The remarks in Horace Walpole's admirable preface to his historic doubts on Richard 3rd, are unanswerable. In reading history, says Voltaire, we are like Ixion; we suppose we have Juno in our arms—it is only a cloud. Shall I read you some book of history? says his son to Sir Robert Walpole in his last illness. History! No. I have done with all works of fiction, and such is history. For great and prominent features, for all transactions in themselves probable, for the general and usual course of events, history may be quoted; but in how few cases, is it built on the evidence of observant, accurate, and unbiased eye witnesses? Suppose a man of good

sense and veracity present at the battle of Waterloo, were to give me an account of what past on that eventful day; how little could he tell, from his own knowledge! how liable were his senses to be deceived! I have before me, the Albion of March 28, 1829. In page 334, is an account of the battle of Waterloo, by an eye witness, well told. It contains the following passage:—"Are the French coming, sir, said I to a wounded Scotch officer? Egad I cannot tell ye, replied he, we know nothing about it; we had enough to do to take care of ourselves. An English lady, elegantly attired, now rushed forward. Is my husband safe, cried she, eagerly? Good God, how can we tell, replied one of the men. I do not know the fate of those who were fighting by my side, and I could not see a yard around me." An historian gives a full and particular account of this battle. What is your authority, says an inquirer? My authority is an officer himself, present at the battle. To a common investigator, this will seem authority sufficient; yet, how imperfect, without cross examination to ascertain the real extent and value of the testimony.

History being thus liable to false information, to imperfect and inaccurate information, to the information of those who may be with perfect impunity intentionally false—or who may be vague, inaccurate, careless or indifferent—who may substitute surmises for facts—or who may see every thing through a mist of prejudice springing up from various sources, who may themselves rely on the hearsay of others, or on common report—how necessary is it to require every precaution to be taken in obtaining original, first rate information; and in ensuring truth and accuracy, free from suspicious motives of personal or party interest, before we place any confidence whatever in the account. The reasons of the strictness which courts of justice exact, seem quite satisfactory when duly considered; for imperfect or doubtful testimony is no basis for any safe conclusion.

Even where the question before a court and jury is this: *Does any tradition exist of the fact alleged?* as in contests to establish or overthrow a custom or a right of way, the tradition is required to be uniform, to be general, to be of a public nature, consistent, uncontradicted, derived from persons likely to know the facts, free from suspicion, reasonable, 1 Starkie, p. 59, 67. Hence, we may fairly exclaim, how nearly valueless, is historical tradition, and vague unweighed citation.

I think this point well worth illustration. In the month of May, 1782, Dr. J. Price, a practising physician of Guildford, in Surrey, a gentleman by manners and education, an excellent chemist for his day, possessed of an independent fortune, whom I knew by means of Dr. Ch. Blagden, undertook to transmute mercury into gold. He performed six several experiments, of which an account is given in the Old Annual Register, for that year. The persons present were chiefly gentlemen of Guildford, or the neighborhood; all respectable for character and situation, several of them noblemen and knights, all of them well known in society. The substance of the experiments was as follows, taking the first as a sample of the six:

Some mercury was brought by Capt. Grose, one of the company, from a neighboring apothecary's. A crucible was selected from a

number by a gentleman present; some borax was brought by Mr. Russel, one of the spectators also, of whom at first there were only four. Half an ounce of mercury was carefully weighed, and while in ebullition in the crucible, half a grain of a deep red powder furnished by Dr. Price, was thrown on the mercury by the Rev. Mr. Anderson. The ebullition stopt; the fire was pushed nearly to a white heat, and was kept for a quarter of an hour. The crucible was then taken from the furnace, and gradually cooled; a button of yellow metal was found at the bottom weighing ten grains. This was separated from the scoria, and sealed up before the company. Next day, its specific gravity was taken before the same company, and found to be twenty ounces, being tried by refining in the usual way, by Mr. Russel, it was found to be pure gold. Part of it was subjected to experiment by Dr. Higgins, the chemist, and it gave the purple powder of gassius with a solution of tin, and fulminating gold with volatile alkali. About five and twenty noblemen and gentlemen attended the subsequent experiments, which ended with the same general result.

One of the spectators giving in substance the same account of it in company, was questioned thus; as I had the statement from the well known chemical philosopher of that day, Richard Kirwan, Esq. at one of his Thursday evening chemical soirees, in Berner street.

Are you well acquainted with the present state of Chemistry and Metallurgy?

*No. I know little or nothing of Chemistry.*

Was there any gentleman present, of known chemical acquirement?

*None that I am acquainted with.*

Was any inquiry made previous to the experiment, as to the purity of the quicksilver employed? Or the borax that was brought?

*None of us seemed to think that necessary.*

Was any portion of the mercury evaporated before the experiment?

*No.*

Was the crucible handed round and carefully examined, to ascertain whether it had any lining?

*No.*

Did Dr. Price permit the gentlemen to examine deliberately the powder he employed?

*We all saw it, but none of us examined it particularly.*

Did Dr. Price stir the mercury in the crucible, after the powder was projected on it?

*Yes. I think with an iron rod.*

Did you examine whether that iron rod was hollow?

*No. That did not occur to us.*

Then you took no precaution by preliminary examination to ascertain whether the mercury did not contain an amalgam of gold; whether the crucible had not a false lining; whether the rod or spatula with which the mercury was stirred was not hollow?

*We did not.*

Then I fear the experiment must be made over again in the presence of some professed chemists, acquainted with the necessary precautions.

Soon after, Dr. Price was called on by a committee of the Royal Society to repeat the experiment. He said his health had been injured by preparing the powder required, of which he now possessed no more; and declined a compliance with the request.

Of course, his character was gone. He felt this; he made his will; left his musical friend, the youngest son of Charles Wesley, and nephew of John Wesley, £1000; and deliberately committed suicide. It is somewhat singular that young Wesley should, from being a Methodist, take up and profess the opinions of the Roman Catholics, apparently on conviction. The devotional music of that church seems to have operated in favor of their tenets.

Suppose this cross examination had not taken place, would not the account so given, by a gentleman of known character and veracity, have been almost sufficient to establish the general fact of transmutation? It would certainly have amounted to strong *prima facie* evidence. Another case of fallacy in *prima facie* evidence.

Some time or other I may send you a summary relation of three visits I made to Dr. De Mainuduc, a disciple of Mesmer, who *about* the year 1788 or 1789, came to London, and lived when I visited him, in Bloomsbury square. I give you an account of one patient who sat in the chair next to mine, while he was operated on, and Dr. Feriar's cross examination of myself, as to what passed. Suppose me speaking to Dr. Feriar, at Manchester, on my return from London.

On my second visit to De Mainuduc's rooms, I found as at my first, about fifteen or sixteen patients waiting to be magnetized. The Doctor came in, with a well dressed handsome woman as an assistant. He touched none of the patients, he sat opposite to them, and with an alternate contraction and extension of the fingers of both hands, professed and pretended to draw from around them a morbid atmosphere, which he threw off from the ends of his fingers by the sudden jerking extension of them. Every patient operated on, was first affected with retching, and frequently vomiting, most of them had convulsions that threw them upward from their chair; after about ten minutes operation, they were thrown apparently into a profound sleep, called by De Mainuduc the crisis, this lasted about ten minutes, during which, as he pretended, they were enabled to distinguish the internal disorders of other persons. The operation evidently produced strong hysterick. Next to me, sat a good looking, decently dressed tradesman, lame in his foot, who walked in upon crutches. He seemed manifestly to me, an honest artless man, not an accomplice. He was operated on with the usual symptoms. When the crisis was off, he declared himself relieved, and I saw him walk out of the room, without his crutches, and in appearance nearly cured.

*Feriar.* Well, De Mainuduc did not operate on you.

No; he refused, as I have told you, because I had no ailment to be relieved.

*Feriar.* Did you make any inquiry after your next chair neighbor?

No, I did not think it worth while. I was satisfied there was no imposture on his part, for the faces at my second visit, were all different from those of the first. De Mainuduc could not afford to hire fourteen

or sixteen accomplices every day he operated. Nor was there one person present at either time of suspicious appearance. Nor could Mrs. Mary Knowles have been cheated in this respect. (A Quaker lady well known for her victory over Dr. S. Johnson's bigotry and impoliteness.) She was there as a pupil and as an assistant; herself convinced of the honesty of De Mainuduc, and the truth of his doctrine.

*Feriar.* Then, according to this account, Mainuduc really cured this well-fed gouty tradesman. Is it so?

I have told you the mere facts of my own eye sight in broad day; I leave you to explain them. I do not know whether the man was cured. I do not believe in any collusion in *this* case; but I have already told you the circumstances also, that persuade me de Mainuduc was an impostor. But his being so, does not make this patient an impostor also, notwithstanding there may be something like suspicion of collusion: but I do not impute imposture to every man I happen to see imposed upon.

*Feriar.* What more is all this than the farce of Mesmer over again? And, like his cases, a mere affection of the imagination?

Granted. I cannot avoid imputing the symptoms I witnessed to an artificial hysteria induced by operating on the excited imagination of timid and credulous patients. Still, I ask, can you, my friend, a learned and regular physician in great practice, produce the effects I have been describing? Have you the power of thus affecting the imagination of your patients? If you have not, then has De Mainuduc a secret that you regular practitioners do not possess.

*Feriar.* Be it so: neither you nor I can tell that till we try—and I am not very anxious to try to become a quack, and prescribe one remedy for all manner of disorders. Neither I nor my patients would be gainers by this mode of practice. Before you tell your surmises that this gouty patient was relieved, your own rules of professional investigation will require you in the first place to substantiate these facts. 1st. What was the character for veracity of this patient? 2. Was he really afflicted with any malady at all; and if so, of what nature, and how long? 3. Might he not have bound up his foot, taken to his crutch and limped, from motives that he would not chuse that you or the public should know? How many beggars in the street do this? 4. What medicines, if any, had he been taking before he came to De Mainuduc's. For instance, a Brunonist might have given him a dose of laudanum that had just begun to take effect when you saw him march off. 5. Did not the newness of his situation and the strangeness of the circumstances around him, operate as a stimulus, and give temporary force? 6. How soon did his morbid symptoms return? Till all these facts are ascertained, your case is worthless.

I acknowledge it: I press the facts no farther, than as grounds for examination and inquiry: for the art and power of producing these affections of the imagination is a very curious one: and of that I can have no doubt.—See an account of animal magnetism in 4 Walsh's Am. Quarterly Review, p. 426.

Suppose my account of the operations of De Mainuduc, and their effect on this apparently respectable lame man, to have been given nakedly, without any accompanying declaration of undoubted and detect-

ed imposture, too long to be explained here, would it not be strong *prima facie* evidence of the magnetizing and curative powers of De Mainuduc's skill? Yet how deceptive and worthless would it have been, without being accompanied by testimony to the imposture also, and a cross examination of my testimony in chief!

The inference I would deduce, is, when you have gotten an original and respectable witness before you, whose account, like his own character, is apparently unimpeachable, and yet that account may be utterly worthless without a cross examination, what reliance can you place on imperfect, second hand, hearsay testimony which you have no opportunity of analysing? Yet is nine tenths of all profane history made up on testimony of this kind.

What evidence do we possess of a fact of *Egyptian, Phenician or Assyrian* history, on original authority? For who believes a syllable of Sanconiathon, Manetho, or Berosus? or where is there an Egyptian book? Is there one original Egyptian authority for one useful fact? That is, anterior to the Alexandrine school. For *Grecian* history we depend on Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. Upon Herodotus, we rely, not one syllable further, than what he saw with his own eyes. Even the expedition of Xerxes, is utterly unknown to the Persians, besides being incredible in itself, as Richardson has shown. Thucydides apologizes for telling nothing but the truth, (sec. 1, ch. 20,) and Xenophon dealt too much in fiction; his retreat of the ten thousand may be true.

What *Roman* historian have we anterior to the Greek of Polybius about 140 years before the christian era? For the space of 500 years the silly tales of Livy are void of all authority even where they are not absolutely incredible. Plutarch and Livy both agree that the *annales maximi*, as well as the other records of ancient Roman history were burnt by the Gauls. Fabius Pictor had no *annales maximi* to refer to, for that reason. He copies a Greek, Diocles Peparethius. The *annales maximi* themselves contained the traditional lies of Æneas founding Rome, &c. if we credit Dionysius Halic. But no credit whatever is due to any portion of these old wives' tales, for they are incredible in themselves, and void of all evidence but vulgar and ignorant tradition to support them. Plut. in Numa, Liv. sec. 6, ch. 1, and ch. 6. The reader who has not time to consult ancient authorities, may peruse a paper in the 63d No. of the North American Review, for April, 1829, and a Review of Niebuhr, in Walsh's Am. Quar. Review, vol. 4, p. 367. The principal facts and arguments are stated in these two papers.

What *Persian* history have we, but the romances of Herodotus? Of modern times, what can we believe of *French* history previous to Charlemagne, or of *English* history before William the Norman? Are Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Roger de Hovedon, and Matthew Paris, and the venerable Bede *etid genus omne monachorum*, authority for any thing but the plainest and the most probable annals? However, I may touch this fruitful subject again. My object would be, were I able, to persuade historians to write with useful accuracy, and readers to weigh the real value of historical credibility, so as to place any inference they may venture to make, on a basis not to be shaken. I have almost

come to the conclusion that no man is fit for an historian, who is not, or has not been a lawyer; that he may feel from experience the necessity of doubting every tale that is told, till he has an opportunity of analysing it in the way of his profession by the scrutiny of a cross examination in some form or other.

9th. Hearsay evidence, may be dependent, or independent. It is dependent when A relates a fact to B, who relates it to C, who recounts it to D. Here, the fact depends entirely on the veracity, accuracy, credibility of A. Each transmission sends it accompanied with additional objections: so that if I hear A's fact from D, it is liable to so many defalcations, as to deprive it of all credibility.

Independent testimony, is when a fact is told me by A, and again in a manner conformable by B, C, and D; each relating it without any communication with the others. Here, the evidence is stronger in proportion to the number of independent relators, agreeing in the same story. Should they differ, the value of the difference must be calculated according to the circumstances.

10th. There is another objection to general hearsay, or tradition; that is, the known propensity of the populace, and even of men of learning, honesty, and veracity, to believe a story because it is strange and extraordinary. The Hindoos, the Egyptian, the Phenician, the Assyrian, the Grecian history, all begins with a dynasty of gods; to whom succeed demigods and heroes. Hence, the flourishing state of the Delphic, Bacchic, Elusinian mysteries, and the oracles of ancient times. Hence the auguries of Rome, and the prudence of the Emperor being also for sometime a Pontifex. Hence the belief, hardly yet eradicated, of apparitions, witchcraft, and demonology: counting among its votaries, Hale, Blackstone, Johnson. The most learned and curious defence of witchcraft I have seen, is by a very able man of our own, Chief Justice Trott, in an express charge to a grand jury on the subject. When such men are mistaken, it behoves us to have double guard upon ourselves, that our historical conclusions are founded on credibility that will bear the test of examination and of cross examination.

It is only on this principle of natural fondness for the marvellous, that we can account for Rollin, the historian, among others, giving full credit to every incredible fact he could copy from Herodotus or Livy. The story of the expedition of Xerxes with all its accompaniments, must appeal for support to this natural principle of human credulity, and the appetite for what is strange. Thus only can we account for the easy reception of so many incredible relations in history. One of the strangest, by a man of taste, talent and learning, of our own days, is the following. I think the Rev. Mr. Forsyth's Travels in Italy, yields to no other book that I know of, for the general tone of good sense as well as classical taste that pervades it. In page 344, he tells the following story in such a manner as to induce his reader to think that he was almost persuaded of the truth of it himself. It is well he did not live in the vicinity of the tomb of the Abbe Paris, a few years earlier, or hear of the miraculous cures of Prince Hohenloe. "A withered elm tree in the piazza del Duomo at Florence, is said to have been suddenly restored to vegetation by the body of Saint Zenobio, resting

against its trunk. This event happened when Florence was more populous than now, and the most enlightened city of Europe. It happened in the most populous place of the whole town; in the presence of many thousands then attending the solemn removal of the Saint from San Lorenzo to the cathedral. The event is recorded by contemporary historians, and is inscribed on a marble column now standing where the tree stood. A column erected in the face of those very persons who saw the miracle performed, and who certainly, if the miracle were false, would not suffer so impudent a story to insult them." And why not, Mr. Forsyth? Would not every prudent person on such an occasion, say, what business is it of mine? Why should I buffet a stone wall, and make myself the certain victim of popular indignation and revenge, by exposing this clever piece of management? Mr. Forsyth says, this miracle puzzles him, altho' he acknowledges it is exactly the same with the withered oak of Capria, which burst into leaf, the instant Augustus set his foot on the island! What man of common sense, would endeavor to convince a gaping multitude of Neapolitan Lazzaroni, that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius was a clumsy trick? I do not know where the phrenologists have located the organ of credulity, but the bump must have been very strong on Mr. Forsyth's cranium. And this too is history! recounted gravely by "cotemporary historians!"

11. Where evidence is direct, equivalent, and conflicting, the effect is destroyed on both sides, like positive and negative quantities in algebra. If their values be unequal, the best evidence must preponderate: for in nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand in historical relation, we have thro' necessity, to decide on a balance of probabilities. When will come the golden age of history, when it claims to rank among the exact sciences!

12. I grant that in common cases of no great moment, we may reasonably pronounce in conformity to a slight preponderence of evidence. But in cases of magnitude, or where much is at stake, this is not allowable. The preponderance that might justify awarding a few dollars, would not suffice to put a man to death as a criminal, or to subject him to imprisonment, or even the loss of character. 1 Starkie 451. The French agent Barillon, was employed in London, to bribe the disaffected patriots. Is it not more likely that Barillon should have pocketed the money, and charged it to Russell and Sydney, than that those patriots should have falsified their whole life and character by accepting a pecuniary bribe?

13. Hence, as has been observed indeed before, confirmatory evidence is in all cases required to be strong in proportion to the antecedent incredibility of the fact to be substantiated by it. Matters of every day occurrence, are credible on usual and every day evidence. But where the fact related is strange, and extraordinary, the point is raised, whether it be more likely that the evidence should be the result of mistake or misrepresentation, or a fact antecedently incredible should be true. In which case we must recur to historical experience of the very many facts, that no one now believes, resting upon a mass of testimony that would seem to be indisputable. I have in my possession a quarto and

an octavo volume of depositions and *procès verbales*, of the wonders worked at the tomb of the Abbe Paris. To a Catholic conclusive, to a Protestant worthless.

14. The corruption, subornation, or fabrication of evidence, deeply affects that side of the question it is introduced to support. 1 Starkie, 490. "As the credit due to a witness, is founded, in the first instance, on the general experience of human veracity, it follows that a witness who gives false testimony as to one particular, cannot be credited as to any: according to the legal maxim *falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus*. The presumption that a witness will speak the truth, ceases, so soon as it manifestly appears that he is capable of perjury." 1 Starkie, 524.

Eusebius the historian is the authority for a great part of the civil history of his times, as well as the history of the church. His undoubted forgeries and fabrications, and his fulsome panegyric of the life and character of Constantine, the most unscrupulous murderer of Roman history, unfortunately takes away much indeed from the authority of a writer, almost indispensable to the history of the times. But those times abounded in mistaken men, who wrote regardless of veracity, what would best serve the purpose they had in view. I have read lately the Rev. Mr. Croly's life of George 4th, and the professed fiction of "Fitzgeorge." I know enough of those times, to recommend the last work as the truest history, and exhibiting more faithfully the real character of the late very culpable monarch.

15. On the effect of sectarian and party bias, the *esprit de corps*, I refer to 1 Starkie, 522. He quotes Beccaria, ch 13. *Parimente la credibilità di un testimonio pria essere alcuna volta sminuita quand' egli sia membro d'alcuna societate privata di cui gli usi e le massime siano o non ben conoseinte o diverse datte publica.* Un tal uomo ha non solo le proprie ma le altrui passione. Beccaria, ch. 13. And the passions of his own sect or party are generally much stronger and more influential than his own.

16. No historian is worthy of credit, whose history contains gross anachronisms, allusions to facts or customs of subsequent date. Or who employs words, professions and phrases not conformable to the time of which he speaks. This applies also, as we have already seen to the *genuineness* of a work.

17. All the canons laid down as criteria by the Rev. Jeremiah Jones, already quoted in relation to the *genuineness* of a work, apply also to its authenticity. I refer to them in my preceding paper on the genuineness of writings.

My reasons for objecting to the certainty of all profane history that reaches further back than 150 years anterior to Herodotus, I have assigned in my dissertation on the Homeric poems, and Wolf's *Prolegomena*, in the 5th vol. of Walsh's *American Quarterly*, to which I refer. It is very possible that my views of the subject may be liable to fatal objections. I have seen none such yet.

I conclude this disquisition by a summary of the requisites necessary to establish the reasonable certainty of human testimony and historical authenticity. Being those rules of legal evidence which the long experience of courts of justice has sufficiently sanctioned.

17. Those persons only who are interested in the question have a right to call for the evidence relating to it. But whoever asserts a fact, is bound to produce the evidence on which that fact is founded to the persons who have an interest in the truth or falsehood of the fact asserted.

Hence, a fact universally acknowledged to be true, needs not any confirmatory authority by an historian. As in a court of justice, a party is dispensed from producing evidence of a fact admitted, and we believe our neighbor when he tells us of any events, because we know by experience that when a man has no motive to tell an untruth, he will tell the truth.

To produce full confidence in his narrative, we must be persuaded that he is a man of good common understanding—of unsuspected veracity—with full opportunity of observing accurately the facts he relates—that he has no pecuniary or other interested motive to mislead him, or bias his narration—that he is not warped by any connection with clan, sect, or party—that the fact or event told, does not border on the incredible, otherwise we must demand further evidence.

That so many causes of inaccuracy and involuntary mistake are apt to interfere even in cases apparently unexceptionable, we must withhold full assent till we have applied the test of cross examination and analysis.

This test is more especially necessary, if there be room for reasonable doubt.

If a party desirous of establishing a fact, is convicted of falsehood in any part of his narrative he cannot be trusted; provided the falsehood was wilful.

If a party will not be at the pains to furnish himself with the best kind of evidence the facts admit of, if he suppresses and conceals or neglects to furnish the best, and offers only that kind of evidence which is inferior and less credible—he must fully account why the best is not produced; or the evidence actually offered, must be rejected, on reasonable suspicion of unfair suppression or culpable neglect.

Witnesses who testify under the influence of interested motives are unworthy of credit, in whatever way that interest may arise. Or who belong to a clan, sect, or party which is interested. Or who are defective in common sense, or in knowledge, sufficient to enable them to discriminate between truth and falsehood in the facts related; or who are liable to be deceived by credulity as well as ignorance. Take for instance the tricks of a juggler: chemical experiments: phantasmagoria, shown to an ignorant spectator.

A man is not to be believed, if he deems falsehood or deception allowable in the case in question. The pictures and narratives for instance sent out by abolitionists.

Contradictory evidence must be accurately weighed and analyzed before it be credited. If a witness deposite to a fact, which three or four other witnesses equally credible declare they did not see, the positive evidence must be rejected if the fact be of such a character, that those who did not see it, must have seen it had it occurred. So, if an historian relates a fact 500 years after it occurred, which is never noticed by

historians of credit near to the time—the fact must be rejected. As in the exploits of Archimedes.

But as a general rule, positive evidence, is credible against negative.

In proportion as a fact is in opposition to general belief and experience, the evidence must be stronger in support of it. The question will be, which is most likely, that the fact should be true, or the witness a deceiver or deceived.

Some facts can hardly be supported by any weight of human testimony: as the practice and power of touching for, and infallibly curing the scrofulous disease called the King's evil, by the hereditary monarchs of Great Britain.

Hearsay evidence is rejected in courts of justice, for there is no opportunity of applying to such evidence any of the tests mentioned in the first rule just above laid down. We have no opportunity in short, of cross examining hearsay testimony: and I hold this objection to be fatal.

Every transmission of hearsay testimony, is liable to defalcation from our ignorance of the circumstances of the transmitter. In the 4th transmission it is useless.

Hence, tradition—popular, vulgar, vague, hazarded, unrecorded—is worthless for any useful purpose of reasoning. Granting that it may contain glimmerings of general truth in occurrences of great notoriety, we have no test to secure the truth from the falsehood, where tradition alone is concerned. Hence, the traditional accounts of the earliest part of the profane history of every ancient nation, must rank with the tales of the nursery: or be regarded as the subjects of mythic and bardic poets. Such are the rules I would suggest to be applied to historical narratives: how far they are reasonably applicable, the reader must judge.

What then are we to conclude? If all history be founded on evidence thus imperfect—if no safe and accurate conclusion can be deduced from dubious facts related on dubious authority, are we to reject all the pages of early history, as on the same level with romance?

Not entirely. There are certain strongly marked and prominent facts, credible in themselves, that we may assume on the authority that presents them to us. For instance, we have, as I think, not a page of written Egyptian history resting on any satisfactory evidence. But we have the Pyramids. What do they teach us? The existence of a dynasty of tyrants, who wasted in the most prodigal folly, the labor of their subjects, what then? Why then it gives us reason to conclude, that absolute power, entrusted or usurped, is likely to employ itself, in wasting the wealth of the community, and the labor of the poor, on useless works, of childish ostentation, luxury, pride and vanity. But you draw your conclusions, it may be said, from a single fact. Do I? Look then at the infinite extravagance of ancient Rome in private and public edifices. Look at the useless treasures thrown away in France and Germany, in Spain and Italy, on buildings dedicated to useless pomp and parade. Look at Great Britain, filled with palaces uninhabitable, unless by persons who rob the public of the immense incomes they wantonly waste in these monuments of regal and aristocratical pomp, and insolent superiority. Is it too much to say that the laborious lives of 500 millions of

the human species have been thus uselessly wasted and consumed, within the period of historic credibility? Look at the childish extravagance, in this way, that George 4th imposed on his subjects, slavishly indulgent to the worst man in his dominions, the King.

Greek history begins with Thucydides: Roman with Polybius: French with Charlemagne: English with William the Norman; but affording little really useful before Henry 7th. Robertson's 1st vol of Ch. 5th, is a good summary. Of late days, much more scrupulous accuracy is insisted on and employed than formerly, in France, England and Germany: for a very strict historical criticism, begins now to serve almost all the purposes of cross examination.

Historians are very apt to dilate on the characters and motives of men, and causes of events. In every case, these are dubious and suspicious subjects; never to be trusted: nor is any historical book now to be read, without inquiring to what bias from *esprit de corps* its author is liable. Nor is any writer worthy of credit for any thing asserted, unless upon his own responsibility, or that of the author whom he accurately cites. We lose not much by rejecting three fourths of all history. I have often doubted, whether the combustion of the Alexandrine library was a great misfortune.

All this, however, leads to a subject of vast extent and importance: too much so, to be treated accurately here. So that I bring this essay to a close.

T. C.

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#### MAN'S HEART AND WOMAN'S HEART.

Man's heart is like the fitful breeze,  
Which rushes o'er yon mountain height,  
Swells the wild storm or sweeps the seas,  
Or joins the Simoon's deadly blight.  
But woman's heart is like the wing  
Of zephyr, want'ning thro' the vale,  
Where dew-drops sparkle, wild flowers spring,  
And turtles sing their love-lorn tale.

Man's heart is like the torrent's flow,  
That thunders down its cat'rant path,  
Breasts the broad rocks and forms below  
A foamy whirlpool in its wrath.  
But woman's heart is like the brook,  
Which murmurs on by beauty's bowers,  
Or wand'ring thro' some lonely nook,  
Sings its glad song and waters flowers.

Man's heart is like some chilly clime,  
Where snows descend and tempests roar,  
Where nature wears one robe of rime;  
And icebergs beat against the shore.  
But woman's heart is like the isle,  
That gems the Southern ocean's breast,  
Where nature wears her sweetest smile,  
And spring and summer always rest.

## SOTHSBY'S HOMER.

Mr. Sothby, the ingenious and talented translator of Weiland's "Oberon," put forth, not many years since, one or two samples of a projected work, which, if accomplished, must have brought him at once into competition and comparison with the most triumphant master of English verse, of whom the literary annals of Great Britain—fertile though they be—are, perhaps destined to boast—we allude to the promised *new* translation of Homer. Will any English gentleman inform us what has become of these "specimens"—which were said to have the merit (upon which, if we remember, much stress was laid at the time) of being a faithful, or, rather, a *literal* transfusion from the original. Without having seen any of these specimens, we should have been inclined to augur ill of *such* an undertaking—an attempt, namely, to translate Homer *literally* into couplets. Objecting, as we do, and have always done, to the too liberal *spirit* of Pope, in some instances, to say nothing of the actual oversights of which he is guilty, in others, it is yet precisely because a *poetical* translation of Homer, in any other form, was impossible, that he selected that of the *rhyming* couplet. His elegant and eloquent genius would have been utterly fettered and constrained, had he resorted to blank verse—which, at the same time, we look upon as the only medium through which the strict sense of the original, together with the idiomatic character of the Greek, was likely to be conveyed by the translator. But then none but a great master, like Milton, or perhaps Dryden, could even hope to achieve this. Cowper, Geddes, and others, failed, for the task was one that should have devolved upon shoulders of "Atlantean spirit" only. The polished and courtly strains of Virgil were allied to the harmony, or melody, (whichever it be) of rhyme; and Dryden succeeded, accordingly, in rendering them in that form. It is the immortal failing of Pope, that the very poetry of his translation is at the expense, not unfrequently, of the true sense of his author. This was, perhaps, inevitable in the instance of a genius like that of Pope. An ordinary, or inferior poet, without, probably, being much more faithful, would have warmed the melody of his strains in his attempts at being so, and thus have challenged the emendations of the scholiast, without administering to the gratification of the lovers of fine poetry—who are fewer than its readers.

Any attempt, then, at a *literal* transfusion, whether from the Greek, or Latin poets (unless we except the metaphysical verse of the "Sculptor poet," as Wharton styles his favorite Lucretius) into the *rhyming* couplet of the English, or the French, must be obnoxious to objections altogether insuperable—and for the reasons we have here ventured to assign.

It may not be amiss to advert, in this place, to an omission in Pope's translation of the Iliad, which we do not remember to have seen anywhere pointed out.

In the description of the battle of the Gods, the last word, but three of the 62d verse (b. 20)—which should have found a place in the following lines—as being, too, in the highest degree emphatic and characteristic—is entirely lost sight of by the translator:—

Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,  
The dreadful monarch reared his horrid head;  
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay  
His dark dominions open to the day.

'Leaped from his throne,' and—"shrieked!"—is the true and grand original.

Cowper is somewhat more faithful to the text, and uses the word, "appalled!"—but neither the Latin, *exclamavit!* nor the Greek *ἰάχε* (*cried aloud!*) we think it will be conceded, are at all comparable to the terrible monosyllable of the English, "Shrieked!"

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#### ESSAY ON WOMAN.

A woman is a very nice and complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man, pretty nearly as the works of a repeating watch do from that of a town clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed! Examine her senses—exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding, how subtle and acute! But look into her heart, there is the watch work. Composed of parts so minute of themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition, I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye, she shall draw a just and deep conclusion. Ask her how she formed it? She cannot answer the question, as the perception of a woman is surprisingly quick, so her soul and imagination is amazingly susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write, but when they do, how animated their descriptions. But if few women write, they all talk, and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle, in which he goes. Spirit in conversation depends entirely on fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe? They give but three traits of one or the other, and the character is known, or the figures placed before your eyes. Why? From the susceptibilities of their imagination, their fancies receive lively impressions from those principal traits, and they paint those impressions, with the vivacity with which they receive them. Get a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she will produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject, he shall possibly find stronger allusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.

## SUPERSTITION.

I WAS at Little Rock, up the Arkansas, during my travels in the Western country, and found there a strange variety of characters. The Cherokee Indians had just arrived, on their way from the Muscle Shoals, in Georgia, and as usual, for it was the time of the races, a great number of gamblers, (or as they are more leniently termed in America, sportsmen) were assembled there—a set of enterprising and desperate men. The door post of one of the shops was pointed out to me, covered with bullet holes and buck shot. A gentleman named Bob S—, and another, had fought a duel across the street, without consideration or respect for person or property. On the wall of the shop was posted up an advertisement, announcing an exhibition of Ventriloquism and Legerdemain, stating, at the same time, that the object of the exhibition was to expose swindlers, conjurers, &c. by a philosophic demonstration of, and exposure of their deceptions. What an out of the way place to find such undertakings. But I was more astonished when I saw the exhibiter. In appearance, he was very gentlemanly—I had heard him called Doctor, during the day, but had little idea that he was the show-master, as the country people term the proprietor or performer of any exhibition. His dialect induced me to ask him what country he came from; and, as I imagined, he proved to be an Englishman. He had been educated at Charter House, and was a physician by profession. He had come there as United States physician to the Indians, during their removal, and had left through some dissatisfaction. “But I cannot be idle,” he observed, “I must be doing something; my father was perpetual motion, my mother infinity; from the peculiarities I inherit of the former, I must be doing something, while the latter reminds me that there are famous bad men as well as immortal good men. I therefore strive to be doing all the good I can, but get into mischief, rather than keep quiet. You wonder what good I can be doing by such a freak as this. Why, sir, the removal of an error is a truth gained, and what stands more in the way of truth than these deceptions? The days of witchcraft are gone by, and the public have been gulled long enough by that set of low bred cunning wretches, who, without education or principles, live by lying.”

“But as to Ventriloquism,” I asked, “do you tell me that there is no such thing as the power of throwing the voice? Why Matthews, Nicols, Holland, and I don’t know how many others, were considered little less than living wonders, and that acknowledged too by so many, surely you would not call all the world fools and dupes?”

“In that respect I must,” said the Doctor. “The word Ventriloquism does not mean the act of throwing the voice, but literally belly-talking, and the art simply consists in forcing the Pomum Adami, or this,” said he, (pointing to what we call Adam’s Apple, the projection of the *osophagus*,) and working it up and down. “This is the organ of voice, and when forced down, causes your words to sound in a subdued tone,” and he turned round and rapped at the door. “Holla! who’s there?” answered a voice, apparently from within.

“Well, sir, since you are inclined to indulge my curiosity, perhaps

you will let me into the secret. How did you effect that distant sound?"

"By all means, certainly, certainly," said he, and he repeated the effort face to face, with me.

"But I could'nt do it," said I.

"Any fool could do it," was his answer, "would he but take the time and trouble to try. I am fond of being causative, and will therefore explain it to you."

I thanked him for thus undertaking to satisfy my curiosity, and hoped that he would not think it impertinent.

"Not at all, not at all—curiosity, impertinent curiosity. I call it a laudable thirst after knowledge, as my cousin in the Minories said, when he opened one of his father's letters, that came from a neighbor, accusing him of something, which would have secured him a thrashing had it ever reached its destination. But before I begin, it is necessary to divest your mind of all superstition. We naturally surmise effects when we see causes, and draw our conclusion from recollections when we see only parts of things. For instance, when we see a sail at sea moving along, we naturally conclude that there is the hull of a vessel beneath it, and we judge of the distance it is from us, by its rig and size. But a small vessel rigged like a ship, would be very apt at a glance, to appear like a ship at a distance, and you are well aware how shy an exhibitor is, to repeat his tricks, until a favorable opportunity offers. An Indian has been known to shoot at a coat and hat upon a stick, mistaking it for a man, and even wild beasts, accustomed to human forms in dress, either deceived by the appearance or scent, have sprung upon them. I was one day riding in company with two strangers who had overtaken me on the road. We came up to a small creek or branch. I asked if it was deep. 'No sir,' said one of them. 'I'll bet a quart, that I can walk across it without wetting my feet.' 'Done, it's a bet,' said the other, immediately taking up his metaphorical expression, as fact. The fellow dismounted good naturedly, gave me his horse's bridle, turned over two or three times in a somerset, as if for practice, and then commenced on his hands, and walked half way over, but unfortunately the bottom gave way, being quicksand covered with mud, and he fell all his length—he laughed good humoredly at his own misfortune, and pursued his ride, eager to pay his loss in order to get some of the liquor, for his wet clothes were not very comfortable, you may be sure."

"Custom forms our habits and our expressions. Were I to tell you that Miss Honeywell received my letter, and took to her feet, you would naturally suppose that she ran away. Now the lady has no hands, and therefore uses her toes to write withal. You know that this was not the original intention or use for which feet were made, neither were our ears made to see with. None but an idiot would speak and answer himself, and the very idea of speaking conveys to the mind some person spoken to. A question asked conveys the idea of some answer expected. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that when you heard me ask a question in one tone of voice, and the answer came in another, that you should imagine some other person spoke, for a man has but one voice, and generally speaks in one tone, but

the extenuation it admits of, enables him to imitate different sounds. Now all sounds must proceed from the point of explosion, and swell through the air in a globular form, even as the ripple swells around the point in the water at which the pebble falls—and the point of explosion is best ascertained when the ear is turned directly towards it. But you, my dear Sir, have frequently been in a room full of company, and had to turn your head to catch the eye or expression of the person when some one in the crowd addressed you, before you could ascertain from what part your name was heard, or in a confined room when a violin or hand organ has been heard in the street, you could not tell on which side of the house it was. But come into my lecture room, and I will convince you immediately, that I am right."

He placed me in front of his table, and asked me to listen to the sound of a hand bell which he took from it. He rang it in the centre of the room, then walked to the sides separately, asking me to notice particularly, the difference, if there was any, in the sound at the different points—if also I thought I could tell, by my ear, that the sound came from the side, instead of the front, or the difference when on one side, and when on the other. I told him, as he had asked me candidly, that I felt confident I could. He then brought the bell to me, assuring me that my conceit had arisen from my seeing him walk there, for the bell which he carried with him had no clapper in it, and the bell which I heard each time was hung beneath the table, which he then exposed to view by raising the cloth which concealed it.

"A ventriloquist," he said, "must be a very impudent fellow, he first draws your attention to some point, tells you that there is some one there, and then imitates a distant voice. Animal sounds are produced by drawing in your breath. There are many, however, who believe that ventriloquism is a natural gift—it's all fudge—some folks however are naturally superstitious. Particularly in some parts of England. There is not a holiday from New-Year's Day to Christmas-eve without it's fable, but I have no more time now to spend with you. Call on me after I have gone through my little exertion here, and I will talk for you as long as you please to listen."

After his exhibition, I accompanied him to his room. Our conversation turned on superstition. "There are many errors," said he, "existing, even at the present day, in the minds of the people generally, which will keep their hold until some philosopher takes up the subject and exposes their absurdity. Many have been removed, for instance the opinion which the ancients held respecting the arteries being filled with air. Again, as to the sound of the human voice being caused by the *cordæ vocales*, two little cords which stretch across the mouth of the wind-pipe, whence it was said that the voice partook both of the peculiarities of the violin and flute. This again has been exploded. The *cordæ vocales* are the regulators of the voice, while it is formed somewhat on the principle of the pipe of an organ. Comets were, at one time, considered as tokens of war. Astronomers now assure us that they have their regular course to perform, and convince us of the truth of their doctrine by foretelling at what period they will be seen. It is said by some, that if a swarm of bees settle on your house, some member of your family is destined for the grave before long—and indeed, I myself

have witnessed an instance where the fulfilness of the prophecy occurred."

I asked the Doctor if he did not believe the fulfilment of the prophecies in the Bible.

"I have no right to dispute them," he answered—"All things are possible with God. Can man reduce the knowledge of the Omnipotent to his own weak comprehension? We cannot understand his proceedings, any more than we are capable of conceiving infinity. Our nature is such, that our material bodies are surrounded by obstacles, on either side by the pressure of the atmosphere, below by the solid mass of the earth—while the nature of the Deity is immaterial. And our ideas are constrained by that which is around us. Metaphysicians can know no more of the centre of the earth than they can ascertain by boring into it. No more of the skies than what conjecture surmises. And I always, for my part, leave others to bother their heads with such useless studies. In some parts of Europe, however, you will find that romance and superstition have taken such a hold on the minds of the people, that you insult them by doubting. I attribute this in a great measure, to some religionists, who, in order to turn over the ignorant to their views, have even used chemical means to deceive them. For instance, the latent colors which appeared on the stone from the warmth of the knees while the penitent was offering up his prayers to the virgin, and discovered the face of the saint upon the stone. The speaking images, &c. &c. So many, so various are the things we are ignorant of, and so fond are some of wonders, that they willingly believe all they hear, and generally add something to the original. This is the way that trifles become miracles. And they soon spread, for we find more talkers than thinkers in this world, aye fifty to one. A circumstance occurred under my own eye, which would have been a fine subject for some of them. It verified two of their sayings. One that 'when a pigeon flies into your window, some one will die in the house.' Another, 'if you take a pigeon's heart while it is still warm and beating, stick it full of new pins and throw it into the fire, that you will see the person whom you love, and they are almost sure to die.' What can be more absurd than such ideas when presented to the mind of a thinking man. That is, to take them as general rules. And yet you will see, from the following story, how many might have been rendered superstitious from one accidental coincidence. Did not many a pigeon fly into a house without any such after consequences? Poor Mary Morris! Christmas-eve never returns without bringing to my mind the circumstances of her death as painfully, and as distinctly, as they occurred on that evening.'

"Mary Morris was one of those ever smiling, kind hearted beings, who seem sent into the world but to show us what we ought to be, and die, leaving us to regret that ever we knew them. It seems to be the will of the Almighty to take first those that are fittest for his kingdom. Of such, taken in their youth, can I conceive the cherub choirs round his throne, to be composed. While the more wicked are left to expiate their crimes by penitence and reformation. She had been, much to the satisfaction of her friends, engaged for some years to Edward Overton—a young clergyman, when consumption's fatal ravages—the heated palm—the hectic cough—the flushed cheek—the animated look, and constant anticipation of a speedy recovery—all showed too plainly, that she was not long to

remain amongst us; and as Overton passed, a stranger could perceive that he was a man of disappointment.

"It was on the eve of Christmas that I called to see Mary. 'How are you to night,' I enquired. She turned to me with a smile. She lay on the bed, propped up with pillows—and said, 'I would not wish to be better, if I could always feel thus happy—but I shall not be happy unless you consent to spend the evening with us. I consented very readily. But her mother who stood by the bedside, and had been watching my countenance with a scrutinizing eye, to discover my opinion, while with one hand I held her daughter's wrist, in the other my chronometer, now turned away her eye, and answered the invitation I had received—not that I was an unwelcome guest, but from an impression that my professional avocations might require my absence or some other more agreeable engagement offer itself. 'You cannot' said she, 'entertain the Doctor, my dear, you are not well enough, and perhaps he has other friends.' But Mary would not be put off. I could read her motives, as she answered playfully, that's how you ever serve me, mother. You know how fond I am of beaux, and yet you always try to drive them from me; he shan't go. At this moment Edward Overton entered. 'Don't be jealous, Edward,' said she, 'you see I've got another beau, but mother wants to drive him off, he shant go, shall he.' 'If you say so,' answered Overton, who tried to look cheerful through his heartfelt sorrow. It had been his custom to spend the evening there regularly since her sickness, and faithful to the last, did he hover round the object of his affections; for he felt that their souls at least were united, and she was hourly approaching that throne, where perhaps, her intercessions might be offered for him. The servant summoned us to supper. She insisted on our all leaving her with the door open, she wished to see us cheerful round the fire—'and keep a good one, mother,' added she, 'for it's very cold to night.' At this expression, Overton and her mother turned their gaze steadily on me with a look of enquiry, for the room was kept excessively warm, I turned to avoid them, and we retired into the parlor in silence, we sat round the fire, each afraid to look the other in the face, lest the expression of our countenances, should betray our suspicions—a silence painful to us all. The loud breathing of the sick girl was heard distinctly, while that lonesome demonstration of solitude, a clock, which stood upon the chimney piece, tick tack, tick tacked its regular monotony. We were, however, soon interrupted by the brothers; characters widely differing from Mary. One had been successful in business, and had procured a nurse to wait upon his sister. He had been attentive during the commencement of her attack, but now fancied he had done all that was required of a brother. The younger was a man of dissipated habits, wreckless, selfish and headstrong—cared for little more than the gratification of his own propensities, and considered himself responsible to no one. They entered the room stamping on the floor and shaking the snow from their hats, as their mother begged of them not to make so much noise. 'This is always the way,' said the younger, 'we cant stir nor move for her.' The elder one walked to the sideboard, and invited me to join them in a dram. I declined. 'What! on Christmas-eve,' asked the younger. Still I persisted. He poured a large glass of ardent spirits down his throat, and commenced a volley of

abuse against a society, which, if not injured by those kind hearted, though weak headed enthusiasts, who do harm to a good cause by too high a coloring, will save more lives than war or famine has destroyed.

We sat down to supper, Overton offered a short grace. 'I for my part,' said the younger, 'never say grace unless at a pig killing.' 'There is no occasion,' answered Overton 'to insult your God because you are a stranger to him. It would be ill courtesy to a man.' The mother, whose listful ear had been turned constantly to the door where her daughter was, heard the low murmuring of her voice, and asked, 'Did you want any thing dear?' 'No, mother,' was the feeble answer, 'I was only praying that James might live to know his God the better.' 'Bless you,' said the mother, as the tear started in her eye. 'God grant that he may!' The night was stormy, and the wind grew more violent. A pigeon, either attracted by the light, or driven by the storm, flew against the window with sufficient force to break it, and fell upon the floor—'That's bad luck for some body,' exclaimed one—'catch it,' said the other, and they both jumped up to seize the bird which now lay panting with fright. 'The only bad luck is past,' observed the mother, 'it has broken the window,'—'Yes, and shall not break another,' said James, 'for I'll kill the cursed thing.' We were about to intercede, when he commenced the subject of superstition. 'Doctor, do you believe, if you stick a pigeon's heart full of new pins, and throw it into the fire, that you would see the person whom you love?' I assured him that I did not. 'Nor I either,' said he, 'I dont love any body. How could I see them then. It's all a fable. How can the pigeon's heart beat, when the pigeon's dead.' I explained to him that the spasmodic convulsions would continue some time after death. He looked with an air of curiosity and disbelief, stood considering sometime, and walked slowly from the room, carrying the pigeon with him. We had scarcely withdrawn from the supper table, and seated ourselves by the fire, when he returned with his hands all bloody, and a countenance expressive of astonishment and delight. 'Here it is, Doctor, and it beats yet. Now for some pins.' He came to the mantel piece, took up a paper of pins and commenced piercing the heart. Overton and myself arose to prevent him, his mother and brother, also entreating him to desist, until at length, finding remonstrance useless, Overton snatched it from his hand and threw it into the fire. At that moment a hand fell upon his shoulder, and a low voice uttered, 'How can you be so cruel.' He turned, and the tall thin form of Mary stood leaning against the wall. It was the last effort of her nature. She had arisen from her bed, feeble and weak as she was, to check their cruelty, and fell a corpse at Overton's feet.

'I did not think she was so bad,' said the brothers, as they stood leaning over, "Poor Mary."

"I was present at her funeral, and, as we left the grave, the younger brother seized me by the arm, exclaiming 'God grant that I may know him better!' From that time he became an altered man."

Thus the Doctor finished his story; and I was inclined to attribute some little romance to it. But he assured me that I might rely on the veracity of his narration, adding, you know, what Byron says, "truth is more strange than fiction."

## LIFE'S LAST HOUR.

Hast thou ever watch'd at the "noon of Night,"  
 By the death bed side of one most dear,  
 Ere the struggling spirit hath ta'en its flight,  
 To a land more bright and fair;—  
 Hast thou felt the fond hand, clasp'd in thine,  
 Answer thy grasp with a feebler pow'r,  
 And the eye that was wont in joy to shine,  
 Grow dim with the passing hour,—  
 Hast thou known all this, nor felt how vain,  
 Was this fleeting world of pain?

If it has been thy lot to mark,  
 That hour of change from life to death,  
 To watch the fading, dying spark,  
 To catch the fleeting breath;  
 To see the shadows of the grave,  
 Circle the noble and the brave,  
 The life blood to the heart retreat,  
 The throbbing artery cease to beat,  
 The eye that love doth still upraise,  
 To meet thy wild despairing gaze;  
 Glance like the meteor light,—then die,  
 As fades that brightness from the sky,  
 And ere the lip in silence fell,  
 Hast bent to catch the whisper'd word,  
 And fondly hoped that you have heard,  
 The last adieu—the fond farewell.  
 Ere yet the spirit fled from *him*,  
 Whose pallid hue, and stiff'ning limb,  
 Now warns you that that hour hath past,  
*That hour*—the darkest and the *last*,  
 Of mortal agony and strife,  
 Of pain, of sorrow, and of life;—  
 If this has been thy lot to bear,  
 Then hast thou learnt to know despair

Oh is there power in pleasure's stream,  
 To drown the thought of that sad dream,  
 Shall time bring healing on his wing.  
 Shall kind oblivion ever fling,  
 It's shadow that dark moment o'er,  
 And bid thee feel its pang no more?  
 Poor mortal! let not hope beguile,  
 Thy fond heart with its witching smile,  
 When love his bright throne doth uprear,  
 And joy unfurls his banner fair,  
 And jocund glee and sportive mirth,  
 Are heard around the social hearth,  
 Amid the glittering show of wealth,  
 The buoyant step of ruddy health,  
 In mad ambition's wild career,  
 When honors wait thy coming there,  
 That bitter thought will o'er thee steal,  
 The fountains of delight to seal,  
 And memory's cloud still darkly low'r,  
 'Till comes thy own,—thy *life's last hour*.

Savannah, (Ga.)

R. M. C.

## ITALIAN POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

## NUMBER FOUR.

## PILLEGRINO GANDENZI.

GANDENZI is an example of the influence which early bias may exert over a mind naturally great. Accidental circumstances awakened the energies of his intellect, and directed them in a channel that might otherwise have remained untravelled. He was born in Forli, of a family obscure, and by no means abounding in the wealth that aids so powerfully the developement of talent. He acquired the rudiments of learning in his native town; but the first buddings of his genius gave little promise of the rich harvest of after years. Cold and reserved in his demeanor, his real abilities were concealed from the knowledge of casual observers, who possessed not the art to conquer his timidity, nor to unfold his faculties. So little taste did he exhibit for the beauties of Poetry, that he was advised by his instructors to abandon the belles lettres, and betake himself to algebra, as more in accordance with the bent of his mind. The fire of his genius, says his admiring biographer, Caristio, as in a rough stone, waited but the releasing stroke of the hammer to shine and burn. The good fortune of the future bard at length brought about the desired blow. Ramanzini, a pupil of Cesarotti, in the seminary of Padua, was called to that of Forli, as professor of belles lettres, in which he was universally allowed to possess the most refined taste. He brought with him the famous translation of Ossian, then first published, and pointed out to his pupils, with enthusiasm, the beauties of some of the most striking passages. The sight of this production worked a speedy revolution in the mind of the youthful Gandenzi. Again, to quote the language of the metaphorical Caristio, "The electric fire invested him, and penetrated to his inmost soul. He felt himself a poet, whereas till then he had been insensible to the charms of poesy." Nor was such an effect wonderful, if we consider the strength of the imagination that thus lay dormant, and the peculiar and exciting character of the novel images offered to his fancy. Nothing less startling or impassioned could have found so sure a way to his heart. The poem of Cesarotti awakened in his young admirer that deep and concentrated enthusiasm, which distinguished him through life, and more than once afterwards procured him the reputation of insanity. It was soon engraved upon his memory, and the first fruit of the lively impression it produced, was a rough draught of his poem upon the Birth of Christ, imperfect and crude, but in spite of the irregularities of an unformed style, bearing evidence of a genius truly poetical. Better known after such a proof of talent, he received the literary honors of his academy, and undertook the education of the heir of a noble family in Italy.

He soon felt, however, the necessity of other advantages in the career of a scholar, and accordingly removed to Padua, induced to fix his residence in that city, chiefly by his desire to be in the vicinity of one, who

in his opinion, deserved to be called the brother, rather than the translator of Ossian. When arrived there, however, his excessive timidity kept him in the back ground, so that he dared not reveal his name or his plans to the object of his admiration, but contented himself with being a silent listener among the audiences that attended the professor's lessons. It remained for Cesarotti himself to discover the abilities of his protégé, and to form a personal acquaintance with him almost in his own despite. From that time, Gandenzi became the poet's favorite pupil, and was regarded by him with almost parental affection.

The new scholar, though no longer a child, applied himself with diligence to re-commence his course of study in the ancient languages, and scrupulously adhered in all respects to the rules prescribed for him by his skilful instructor. Admitted to the intimacy and confidence of his friend, he was allowed the perusal of many unpublished productions, whose original beauties contributed to form his taste, and fertilize his imagination. No production of his, whether trifling or great, was undertaken without the counsel of his benefactor, both in its design and execution; Gandenzi submitting blindly to his judgment, and altering or suppressing at his suggestion, without regard to the natural partialities of an author. So entire a subservience of opinion in matters so delicate, might have been fatal to the interests or reputation of the student, had he dealt with a counsellor less generously intent upon doing real service to his pupil but Cesarotti admonished, directed and amended, with an interest truly paternal, and having bestowed his care to perfect the works of his protege as if they had been his own, admired them in good faith as the productions of another. The illustrious Paduan, not only urged and guided the young poet to a sublime and as yet untried flight, but became the publisher of his fame. The apparent coldness and reserve of Gandenzi, which he was seldom induced to lay aside, his seclusion from society, and the disposition of other literary men to prevent the display of those talents from which they feared themselves an eclipse; threw a veil over his genius, and as his merit was discovered only by degrees, prevented him for some time from enjoying the reputation he so well deserved. It belonged to Cesarotti, who never failed to render justice to him, to introduce him finally to public admiration, by his unwearied and ardent efforts spreading his name in various parts of Italy.

A new academy of science, literature and the arts, being established in Padua, Gandenzi obtained a situation therein, by the interest of his friend; enlarging his income by the private tuition of some youths of noble families, a species of employment often resorted to by scholars in Italy, and highly honorable. Here he enjoyed the fruit of his labors; seeing his reputation gradually increase, and feeling himself secure from the machinations of the envious, whose malice he knew how to disarm by his apparent simplicity, and unostentatious demeanor. He died at the age of thirty-five, in 1784.

We shall give some account of his principal poem, *La Nascita di Cristo*, which will afford the fairest specimen of his powers in poetic composition. This production was improved and completed, under the auspices of Cesarotti, though the first imperfect outline had been formed more than a year before. It is something between a lyric and an epic; though

its beauties are such as belong chiefly to the first class of poems. It is distinguished by bold and picturesque imagery, and vivid description; and is altogether unlike any other offspring of the Italian muse, resembling more closely in style the wild and splendid fictions which first captivated the imagination of the youthful poet, and moulded the creations of his genius. The poem commences with a bold description of Night; the luxuriant fancy and unpruned enthusiasm of our author are shown in the exuberance of his epithets, which crowd so thickly upon each other as to be at times absolutely wearisome.

"Cold and rigid on the gloomy summit of the farthest and steepest mountain, sate Night; dense folds of wandering clouds crowned her dark head, and a mantle of black vapors, fell from her ancient shoulders, shrouding the hills below. The cold stars moved through the stormy mist, and the pale moon tinged with wan and uncertain light the wide solitude of earth."

This opening in the original, reminds us somewhat of M'Pherson; but we will not do the author again, the injustice, in our interpretation of his words, to strip them of poetical measure, a garb which sanctions much eccentricity and extravagance, even in the eyes of the most severe.

After describing the silence and gloom of Night, another personage appears upon the scene.

Amid the horror, from her shaken roots  
Earth trembled suddenly, and to the East  
A mountain vast, with noise afar resounding,  
Is cleft in twain;—the immense abyss of gloom  
Roars from its depth, and smoke and flash and flame  
Burst forth anon; the broken burning rocks  
Wheeling in the sulphureous billows, plough  
The plains with traces deep. From the black gulfs  
Of sorrow's kingdom, with a fearful wail  
Of madness, through the upward way ascends  
The Angel of the abyss, to desolate  
Devoted earth. As, tyrant of the sea,  
Some monster stern o'er ocean's billowy fields  
Moves on, and with enormous breast disparting  
The wide resounding mass, lifts up his head,  
Concealing in the troubled depths the torpid  
Bulk of his nether frame—so floating rose  
Dark Satan from the sea of fire; vast wings,  
Lashed high with crackling noise the internal wave,  
Which echoing leaped in lurid lines, and clothed  
The heavens with answering flame.

Satan and his fiends hold their council in this place; but as we have little to do with their infernal deliberations, we pass to the description of the palace of Guilt, the daughter of the demon monarch, by whose aid he has conquered the world, and hopes to retain it in his power.

In the first morning of the youthful world,  
In that fair garden where thrice happy man  
Breathed the first breath of life with sweetness fraught,  
Beneath a heaven of innocence—alas!  
Was guilt first born. Full soon the righteous mandate  
Of God's high wrath from Eden banished her,  
Far from those sacred shores. Then loud complained  
The monster, and a thousand spirits of hell  
Unclean, around her thronged, to soothe her pain;  
And sudden, nigh the spot so late profaned

A temple rose of demon workmanship;  
 Cumbering with weight immense the soil; a mass  
 Of rugged stones and sable marbles built,  
 Through which meandered veins of bloody hue;  
 The affrighted look in silence rested on  
 Its haughty front, which through the clouds shot up,  
 And seemed to lift itself in mockery  
 Threatening the stars. Beneath the arches vast  
 On marble bases horrid images  
 Stand fixed, which there the demon builders reared.

There avarice bends above his pile of gold,  
 With one hand strains the treasure to his breast,  
 While grasps the other greedily, the hoard  
 Of some poor needy wretch; his eager look  
 Devouringly explores the heap, and seems  
 Each member bent on rapine.

There Ambition,  
 Inflate with pride, even as some God, to whom  
 All things are lawful, in whose hand reposes,  
 As he believes, the destiny of worlds,  
 Exults with stately brow, and, as if scorning  
 To bend his glance to earth, with one foot tramples  
 A volume torn, in which are written "Law,  
 And Duty"—with the other mounts a throne.

Armed and with venom laden, and with steel,  
 Striding, through paths of blood doth violence break  
 Whate'er his feet encounter, and mid hundreds  
 Of the sad victims of his cruel wrath,  
 Looks forth with furious glance, as who defies  
 The universe to war.

With garlands crowned,  
 And full of charms there pleasure sits; her lips  
 Aye wreathed with smiles; allurement in her eyes;  
 An ample cup she grasps, filled to the brim  
 With poison, which its dangerous sweet distils  
 Into the heart; with emulous madness drink  
 Infatuate crowds, and on the sorceress' lap  
 Sink as they quaff their death in false delight.

A thousand others of atrocious aspect  
 And strange, stand pictured round; children of guilt  
 Whom nature doth abhor, by Heaven accursed.  
 Before an hundred lofty iron gates  
 Swinging upon their sounding hinges, walk  
 Unquiet, fearful spirits, on whose front  
 Are stamped the hues of wrath. Within the vast  
 And vaulted entrance, fitful meteors  
 With sad funereal gleam the darkness paint  
 Of horrid walls, where by the hand of death  
 Depicted, are the wretched trophies, ranged  
 Of guilt thus born to devastate the world.

*Canto 1.*

There is represented also the lost garden of Eden, guarded by the flaming sword of the Cherub, which drives our first parents from the abode of innocence; the slaughter of Abel, and the remorse of the first murderer; the destruction of the cities of the plain by fiery tempests; and the chastisement of the iniquities of the king of Egypt.

But the greatest among these *tableaux*, the trophies of guilt, is that of the Deluge, which is here vividly described. Opposite to this picture, sits the evil genius of the place.

In view of this sad scene  
Of universal wo, arose the throne  
Of the dark goddess; a vast pile deformed  
With blood its base, the hateful skulls of those  
To whom impiety gave name, in garlands  
Hang round her, fitting ornaments. On high  
Enthroned, the infernal queen 'mid images  
Of horror towers in sullen majesty;  
Her stern brow clouded, fierce her glance and far,  
Her movement slow; upon her front depicted  
All changeful passions, anger, pride, remorse,  
Envy, joy, fear, succeed each other there,  
And with a thousand colors tinge at once  
The pallid cheek.

Here Satan meets his daughter, and devises with her the means of crushing their common enemy—the promised Redeemer. In defence of his long possessed kingdom, the arch fiend defies the power of God himself:

“——tutto l'inferno  
Dal petto sgorgherz; piovan le stelle  
Arme ed armati, to senza tema, io solo  
Sosterró la tenzon; foss' anche Dio  
Dio stesso, il mio rivale.”

The delirious vaunt is suddenly interrupted by a burst of fearful splendor from heaven, and an earthquake so tremendous, that the universe is shaken; the palace of guilt totters, falls and is swallowed up with its evil inmates in the abyss of destruction. By a happy poetical conception, the shock which swept to ruin the trophies of sin, is represented as releasing earth from her wintry chain; her bosom is instinct with new life and vigor, and the dissolving snows leave mountain and plain clothed with vernal beauty. The succeeding passages describe the fulfilment of the prophecy, that “the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

Vanished the snows and rains, in liquid gems  
The freed stream tremulously gleams along,  
The fragrant mead; inviting vernal airs;—  
With wide and goodly branches buds anew  
The wood; the sunny hill with fresh green herbs  
Doth clothe itself; where grew the bristled stem  
Of the rough thistle blooms the graceful rose;  
Where the scorched rocks before lay buried 'neath  
Inhospitable thorns, the savage den  
Of prowling beasts, spring forth in leafy pride  
The richest honors of the spicy field.  
Thus fair perchance—thus smiling, happy earth  
On her birth morn, when fraught with youth and joy,  
From the high hand of her Creator launched  
Went wheeling onward through eternal space.

*Canto II.*

The gorgeous magnificence of the descriptions that follow, happily contrasted with the gloom and horror of the preceding canto, surpasses

any other poem within our recollection. Heaven itself is unfolded to our view; the celestial messengers bearing fresh light to the stars and planets, while others are fashioning a star of transcendent brightness, which may announce to the nations of earth the advent of their Prince, and guide the inhabitants of the distant east and north, to worship at his feet. A band of Seraphim is detached to convey the tidings to this lower world: and the rainbow, the pledge of promised mercy and peace, is displayed in the skies.

The Iris bright

Opens, and Heaven along with it; on high  
 Through a long lucid vista shines afar  
 The city of the Lord! Its sacred walls  
 Of glowing gold constructed there I see  
 Gleam o'er foundations of celestial sapphire  
 On blue Olympian heights; the precious topaz.  
 Bright ruby—and the fiery carbuncle,  
 And emerald green irradiate its front.  
 Lo! the eternal adamantine gates  
 Unfold that veil divinity! girt round  
 With glory inaccessible I see  
 His throne—the king of kings! The Seraphim,  
 Their brows with fadeless olives crowned, who throng  
 Blest Sion's holy heights, come band by band  
 In festive pomp descending—like the lines  
 Of glorious morning stars. What living brightness  
 Suffuses and consumes this lower world,  
 Heaven is on earth!

The birth place of the Messiah is shrouded from mortal sight by the surrounding angels.

With folded wings

Weaving a strong impenetrable veil;  
 From the weak sinful gaze of mortal eyes  
 The angelic guard secure it; while within  
 The charmed circle burns a holy flame  
 Glancing from plume to plume, of rosy light  
 Sparkling in flakes of gold; as lightning closed  
 In the deep bosom of some silver cloud,  
 With trembling iustre darts from ridge to ridge.  
 Over the face of earth redoubles now  
 The midnight silence; in the air the winds  
 Hang mute; the streamlet on the rugged slope  
 Suspends its warbling. All absorbed in Heaven  
 Twixt wonder and delight vast nature hangs,  
 Listening the unutterable harmony  
 Poured from the rolling spheres, which through the plains  
 Of ether soft descends, and sheds a blessing  
 On scattered worlds below.

*Canto II.*

The second canto affords us a description of Limbo, the place where the souls of the righteous dead for ages past were kept in a captivity of hope, awaiting the hour of their deliverance. A cherub guides Adam from this spot over the plains of Palestine to the humble abode of the new born Saviour. Adam kneels to worship the divine infant; but the poet steps a little beyond the sublime, when he makes the infant extend his arms and embrace the father of mankind, as the representative of that humanity so dear to godhead.

The third canto of this poem is decidedly inferior to the first two in poetical beauty, both of conception and execution. Adam returns to his companions in *Limbo*, and recounts to them his adventures, at the same time, interpreting the meaning of a symbolical shield left there by the Cherub which had much puzzled the holy fathers. The monarch minstrel, David, then takes up the strain, and sings the glory of Christ's kingdom, and his church, and prophesies the trials and triumphs of Christianity, till the time of Constantine, in a choral lay of considerable beauty, which closes the poem. The richness of imagery, and melody of language in this hymn, is gorgeous to such a degree that it would be vain to endeavor to do justice to it by an entire translation. There is little novelty in the ideas; they are chiefly taken from scripture, and describe the dangers of the church and her deliverance from evil, as may be seen from the following fragments.

\* \* \* \* \*

Trophy of death, how vain!  
 Lo! heavenward doth the King of glory rise!  
 He comes—he comes! Blest Princes that await,  
 Open to him the portals of the skies.  
 Thou who a morning star hast shone  
 Seated upon thine Eastern throne,  
 How vanquished and subdued, proud Lucifer,  
 Thou unto earth art fallen!  
 Thou, who in heart hast said,  
 Fixed in my power above the eternal hills,  
 Above the throne of God,  
 Like his Almighty throne,  
 I will uplift mine own,—  
 How in thy day of pride—in triumph's flow  
 Thou'rt sunk into the abyss of endless wo!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! the young spouse of Heaven's incarnate King,  
 In radiant vestments, and with regal face!  
 Now from the nuptial curtain's shadowing  
 He comes to meet her with a giant's pace:  
 His brightness clothes her—and around her cling  
 The wonders of her Lord's Almighty grace,  
 She moves—and underneath her feet divine  
 With new born beauty doth her path way shine.

Alas! what tempests horrible arise,  
 From the dark caverns of the abyss of pain!  
 Oh spouse of Christ! thy faith what danger tries,  
 What fiery strife twixt anguish and the chain!  
 Defiled and torn thy robe already lies  
 On earth a prey unto the savage train;  
 To heaven thy tearful supplication is addressed,  
 Matted thy hair and blood upon thy breast!

Ye cruel foes of God's eternal light  
 Exult not o'er the exile's bitter wo;  
 Christ is her Lord, her shield his glorious might—  
 Each tear of hers your lasting ill ye know,  
 Her children's faith, invincible and bright  
 Yet shines where heaven's immortal splendors glow;  
 She in his blood her beauty doth renew,  
 And 'neath the steel comes forth more bright and true.

The sound of war  
 Through the deep valleys echoes loud and far!  
 Abase! abase! the city once so proud  
 Now to the dust is bowed!  
 Ungrateful Salem! from the urn of fate  
 The destined hour goes forth!  
 To visit thee thy God, no more thine own,  
 Armed in the day of his great wrath descends!  
 Upon thy head, his bitter cup of vengeance  
 Is all poured out! What anguish shall be thine!  
 Thy children perished! of armed foes a train  
 Descend on thee like rain!  
 Before thy palace gate  
 Pale death and terror wait:  
 Remorse gnaws at thy heart, and deadly fear,  
 Nor help nor hope is near!  
 Where, where is all thy ancient loveliness!  
 O'erwearied with distress,  
 Without a God, a temple or a throne,—  
 A monument of wo,  
 The pilgrim looks upon thee sunk so low,  
 Tramples thee in his scorn, and passes careless on!

*Canto III.*

We have been thus minute in our account of this production, because we have reason to believe it is quite unknown in this country, except to native Italians. That it deserves attention, is, we hope, evident from the specimens we have presented. Its great beauties are uncommon magnificence and harmony of language, and vigor and richness of description and imagery; and its chief faults occasional extravagance, and the wearisome abundance of epithets. It is wholly after the romantic school. The author's fancy, has evidently been imbued with the wild and glowing fictions introduced from the north by Cesarotti; and his present work is the most enduring and unquestionable monument he could have raised, of his absorbing admiration for the genius of his friend and instructor.

Gandenzi is said to have been also the author of several light and humorous productions, but as these, and his letters, which are highly lauded, were composed principally for the amusement of private circles, they have never fallen under our observation.

E. F. E.

*Columbia, S. C.*

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ENORMOUS ANIMALS.

THE *Megatherium*, or great monster of Paraguay—found near Buenos Ayres buried in the mud, or alluvial soil. The *Mastodon* is a fossil animal of Ohio. The *Megalonyx* (also extinct) is another enormous animal, described by Jefferson as a great *Lion*, higher in limbs than the ox.

## RIENZI.

THIS is Bulwer's last production, in which there is nothing to detract from the high reputation he has previously acquired. If not his best, (and we do not think it better than "Pompeii,") it is certainly one of his best works—one in which his rare powers of invention, and the peculiar beauties of his fine style appear to very great advantage. The place where the scene of the novel is laid, is Italy, or rather the capital of the garden of Europe and of Christendom—classical Rome. The time when the events narrated are supposed to have occurred, is in the earlier half of the fourteenth century—a period considerably antecedent to that of the moral and intellectual revival in Europe, which so completely revolutionized, not only the then condition of Europe, but ultimately that of the whole civilized world;—still a period of considerable promise, when the dawn of the brilliant day that was to follow had already begun to checker, with a thousand golden hues, the East. The Romans—that is to say the people of Rome, had long since ceased to be great. They had bartered away to their masters all those precious prerogatives which are the birth-right of the human race, and essential to its glory and freedom. They had become the miserable tools—the bought slaves of a supercilious order of nobles, who had long exhibited to the world some of the very worst features of a corrupt and debasing aristocracy, and who were no less distinguished by their profligate manners, than by their overbearing and tyrannical temper. Rienzi, an educated plebeian possessed of fine natural parts, a lover of liberty and of his country, and desirous of avenging his own and his country's wrongs, seeks to bring about a revolution in the government, which end he achieves. The object of the novelist is, to give a circumstantial account of the rise and progress of this popular convulsion, and of the fortunes of his hero, Rienzi, which are associated with it. The quarrels of the nobles among themselves, the vacillating measures pursued by the Church, sometimes leaning to the side and espousing the cause of the bold reformer—at others, uniting its dreaded influence to the concentrated power of the aristocracy—the influence exerted by disciplined outlaws under a powerful military commander in a divided commonwealth—tales of love and of chivalry, of ambition in individuals and wonderful fickleness in the selfish, degraded, and half civilized populace of Italy—these constitute the subject matter of the narrative.

The whole production will bear the strictest analysis;—indeed the consummate genius of the author will be most apparent, when it is examined piecemeal. As in a fine piece of statuary, the more minutely it is inspected, the more numerous are the beauties that attract the admiration of the beholder. It is objected by some, that there are too many actors brought forward upon the stage in this novel—too many characters introduced into the machinery of the story. The objection is groundless. We might with as much propriety find fault with a gallery of the Fine Arts, because it contained many portraits and many landscapes. Good taste in fiction is not limited, in its introduction of characters, to a particular number. They may be more or fewer as the subject and circumstances of the story require. All that the rules of criticism require is,

that they be appropriate—suited to the age and country in which they appear—that they serve to set off in a striking light the peculiar manners and opinions of that age and country—that they be consistent with themselves and necessary to each other—that they have a part to perform in conducting the events narrated to their proper conclusion, and that they perform the part assigned to them faithfully, and in such a manner, as to rivet the attention of the reader. Tried by these rules, which of the personages, introduced into *Rienzi*, can be omitted with advantage? Does not each of them contribute to the interest of the narrative, and does not each of them stand forth in full and bold relief, occupying his proper position, and contributing his own appropriate and necessary share to the progress of events, at all times of the most thrilling and exciting nature? Can we subtract and remove any one of them, without destroying, at the same time, the beauty, grace, proportions and general fine effect of the whole picture? Before we condemn the work, merely on account of the number of personages that figure upon the stage, we must transport ourselves back to the interesting times and place, when and where the striking occurrences, narrated by the novelist, transpired. We must reflect upon the character, customs, institutions, and peculiar predilections of a people, living in the most celebrated place in the world—living in a semi-barbarous and feudal age—of a people inspired by the most grand recollections. We must bear in mind too, especially, that the great object of the novelist is to describe the progress of a popular revolution, and when we call to mind how many fiery spirits a great political convulsion usually calls into play from its beginning to its close—how many subordinate and how many superior minds have to act indispensable and important parts on such occasions, we shall not think that the novelist has erred in this particular. On the contrary, he has pursued the course which good taste, truth and circumstances clearly pointed out. In the current novels of the day we are apt to see many characters, and several needlessly, introduced—persons who act no important part, and who think and say nothing, calculated to elevate them in the scale of moral agents, or render them interesting to a man who thinks and utters sense—the veriest—the most paltry fictions—a mere fungus upon works, otherwise of some pretension—a foil employed to set off the striking traits and perchance beauties of one or two individual characters upon whom the novelist has expended the whole strength of his genius. But it is different—altogether different with *Rienzi*, which is the work of a master hand, guided by a nice discrimination of the true, the beautiful and the becoming, which has never been surpassed. Each personage that figures before us here, is borrowed from the age in which he appears, and reflects the institutions, genius and spirit of his own times. Each of them constitutes by himself a finished portrait, true to life, to nature, to action and to events—from which nothing can be taken, and to which no stroke of the pencil could impart additional grace; and all together constitute an assemblage of characters, whose peculiar traits are clearly and fully developed, and whose sentiments and actions are all in harmony with the purpose for which they were introduced—imparting a peculiar interest and a most beautiful symmetry and consistency of parts to the entire work.

Rienzi, the hero, is a character borrowed from history, and not the vigorous and masterly creation of the author's own fancy. That such a person as he describes, did once exist—that he occupied the situation and performed the remarkable part at Rome, which the novelist, in his work, has assigned him, is beyond a question. Gibbon, Sismondi, and other historians inform us of the fact, and every person at all conversant with the history of modern Rome, is fully apprized of it. Bulwer goes so far as to assert, that his sources of information—his original authorities are to be strictly relied on, and that his delineation of the character and conduct of his hero, comes probably nearer to the truth, than that which is usually given even by historians. If this be so, and we have no reason at all to doubt it, the fact indicates a favorable change in the character of our literature, for in times past, the facts vouched for by historians have been often little better than fictions, and truth, no less than imagination, is concerned in the assurance, that the fictions of novelists are now beginning to partake of the nature of facts. Whether real or fictitious, the character of Rienzi is a fine one—well fitted to the hero of an epic, in which department of composition the author would have—and we think with some reason—his work, though a prose fiction, placed. The character of Rienzi is, in part, the beau-ideal of the Roman genius during the palmy days of the republic. It is this character, however, rising in a different age, acting upon a different theatre, and influenced by circumstances no longer the same—circumstances which contributed, in a great degree, to alter it, and mould it into a new, but not less interesting form. The character of Rienzi is a mixed one. It belongs to two epochs of the world, which are separated from each other by the lapse of centuries. That love of liberty—that high sense of honor, virtue and independence which constitute so distinguishing a feature in his character, was an inspiration—a holy inspiration caught from the memory of the glorious past—a recollection nobly blended with the love of country—with the proud idea of Rome—of Rome the great and the free—of Rome, the conqueror of nations and the empress of the world—a Promethean idea, which awakens in the breast of the modern Italian, degenerate though he be, a new soul even after the life has departed; while the deep coloring of romance and the fervor of enthusiasm, which his moral temperament, at all times exhibits, were as unquestionably imparted by the stirring influences of chivalry, and the exciting spirit of the crusades—elements which having their origin in allied passions, and flowing together in nearly the same channels, constitute the only moral sublime—such as it is—of the middle ages. The characteristic watchwords of Rienzi, therefore, were the sacred names of God and Liberty—two words of the most expressive import, and which have often been employed by popular leaders with success, sometimes in the accomplishment of good, at others, of most mischievous aims. That of Rienzi was a grand one, fitted to the man, and loudly called for by the circumstances of the age which had given birth to such a hero. He aimed at nothing less than the overthrow of the existing government of the country, and the establishment of one more equal, just and acceptable upon its ruins—an aim, which, according to its ultimate success or failure, has often covered the ambitious aspirant either with ignominy or

glory. *Rienzi* possessed the talents of a Napoleon or a Cromwell, with more of principle, and more of an open and ingenuous nature—the stern and unbending virtue of a Cato, united to the earnest and impassioned zeal of Peter the Hermit—the thrilling eloquence of Cicero—with all, and more than all, that orator's fearlessness of the consequences of a bold and just course. *Rienzi* was possessed of the head of a sage, and the heart of a man. He was too wise to miscalculate the tendency of the means which he employed to the attainment of his ends—too noble to propose to himself any end that could savor of dishonor. He had nothing of the spirit of the demagogue, and in a soul tempered to such "fine issues," the paltry truckling of the politician assumed the nobler form of that prudence and foresight which distinguish the sagacious patriot. He, in a word, in attempting a popular revolution, sought not, as is too usual in such cases, his personal interests and aggrandizement, but rather the good of the commonwealth.

We confess we were a little surprised, nay shocked, when we found that the novelist had made this soaring and single-minded patriot, in whose manly breast the redemption of his country seemed to be an all engrossing passion, a devoted and enthusiastic lover. It seemed to us to be a little letting down of the hero from the lofty position on which the novelist had originally placed him. We did not well see how an individual to whom, in so pre-eminent a sense, his country was his idol, should find time, or place, or opportunity, to love a woman. The commanding attributes of the stern avenger of his country's wrongs, which pressed so heavily upon his spirits, did not appear to be altogether consistent with the gentle virtues and mild avocation of a suitor. But when we came to be made fully acquainted with the rare and surpassing charms of this second object of his devotion, who to all that is attractive in female loveliness and beauty, united an ambition, a patriotism and a brilliant genius that rendered her fit to be a sympathizing companion and an astute counsellor to the greatest and best man of his age, whose trials rendered such sympathy and counsel the choicest boon of heaven, we could no longer wonder that the novelist had come to the sage conclusion, that it was not good for *Rienzi* "to be alone."

Bulwer is always particularly successful in drawing his female characters. In this respect he surpasses Scott, who in his turn excels Bulwer in his descriptions of external nature, and as a delineator of the manners, costume and fashions of a particular age. A cause for this difference in their character of style may be found in the difference of scenery of the two countries that gave them birth. The wild and broken mountain scenery of Scotland, contrasts no more strikingly with the cultivated forests and blooming parterres of the English landscape, than do the geniuses of these two authors, which seem to have received a certain tinge or hue from the objects of earth and sky, on which they were most accustomed to gaze with an admiring eye. Bulwer is the poet of the passions, Scott the delineator of the characters, of his heroes and heroines. Bulwer, in beautiful prose, and Lord Byron and Moore, in euphonious numbers, have displayed a more delicate and profound conception of the master passion of love, in all its multiform freaks and incidents, than any poetical or prose writers, of whatever class, eith-

er of ancient or modern times, and we are of opinion, that few or no fictitious personages were ever conceived, in which the strength, beauty, and even perfection of the human character, as exhibited on grand and trying occasions, were more strikingly developed than in those to which Bulwer has given the names of Nina and Rienzi. We believe that this too will be the verdict of subsequent critics.

The character of Irene—possessed of accomplishments less dazzling and splendid than those of Nina, but endowed with all of woman's tenderness—in beauty, charming as the sunlight—in fidelity and firmness, a model for the study and imitation of her sex—is sketched with the grace and depth of feeling so peculiar to this author. In rank, not less than in the qualities of heart and mind, she forms a contrast to the bolder and more intellectual Nina, as do the fine and amiable qualities of her betrothed, when set over against the fiery, soaring and commanding traits of the ambitious tribune. The object of the writer is, to give as much variety as possible to his delineation of character, and, at the same time, to teach the beautiful moral lesson, of which history has given us other examples, that the highest in rank may sometimes well stoop from their artificial eminence, in order to raise virtue and loveliness to their proper station. Montreal is a character true to the age, and well calculated to awaken a high degree of romantic interest. If he possesses as powerful a genius as Rienzi, he is not equally wise, and his depravity of manners, and utter destitution of moral principle, cause him to fall infinitely below him.

Angelo Villani is a faulty character—we mean that it is an anomalous specimen of human nature. We cannot admit that his relationship to Montreal was sufficient to justify his base treachery to his benefactors—benefactors to whom he had been all his life tenderly attached. The revolution in his feelings was too suddenly accomplished. Affection and reverence are not so instantaneously converted into hatred and contempt—especially where those we love have inflicted no personal injury. The tragical conclusion at which the novelist aimed, might have been reached by other means, and we think other means should have been employed.

Of the scenes of this novel, all so remarkably good, it would be difficult to indicate any in particular that, more pre-eminently than others, are deserving of praise. The fine genius of Bulwer is visible throughout all. We may however remark in passing, that the scene of Rienzi chastising the nobles at the Lateran—the supper scene, in which he lays bare their conspiracy and treachery, and the one in which Nina reveals herself to D'Albornoz, as the wife of Rienzi, have made a deep, lively, and lasting impression upon our memory.

As to the moral of this story, we must say a word. Some of the first productions of Bulwer were considered, and we think justly, objectionable, on account of their sinister moral influence. Vice was dressed in colors to render it attractive, and such as to seduce the vain, the thoughtless, and the young; but the later novels of Bulwer have been free from this objection. Vice, in these, is seen skulking into the corner, and virtue, in the end, appears victorious over all kinds of evil. But the moral of this last novel, *Rienzi*, is, if we may be permitted so to speak, a politi-

cal one. The great object of the novelist in this work, seems to be to inculcate these maxims—that the people of any kingdom or state constitute its only legitimate sovereignty—are the true source of all political power in it; that the abuses, tyranny and usurpation of rulers are only to be remedied or amended by a due and just exercise of popular power, guided and controlled by enlightened and patriotic individuals, and that no people, however strong, can ever attain to true greatness and renown without virtue. These are the simple, but important maxims, inculcated by our author in the work before us—maxims which cannot too often be duly weighed and pondered on by a free people, who love their country and their country's honor. Bulwer, however, expressly declares, that he did not write this novel for political effect—that such an intention never entered his imagination. How kind it was in the honorable member of Parliament to give us this hint. If he had not done it, poor simple wights that we are, we might have construed his intention otherwise. We say, however, it matters not what was his intention. Supposing it to have been that, which in our unenlightened simplicity we should have conjectured it to be, we should even then have heartily concurred in pronouncing it fair, honest and praiseworthy; but we frankly own, that we do not, in such cases, think so much of the intentions of a writer as of the character of what he writes. The tree with us shall be judged of by its fruits, be they good or evil, and whether or not this work was written for political effect, it has a political bearing, and as sure as a stone falls to the earth by the power of gravitation, will produce political results. It is such a book—that is, it inculcates such maxims, as a justly thinking American would write and inculcate. It is full of the spirit and fire of liberty—full of liberal and sound opinions, strongly enforced; and if there is any thing rotten and corrupt in the government of Great Britain, it is a capital caustic, which may be well applied in removing the bane from the diseased part of the body politic. No corrupt government can long stand before such irresistible appeals, addressed to that power which alone makes and unmakes governments—the people. Mr. Bulwer expresses himself with caution. It is well. He is a non-committal man—or at least would have us so consider him. But if we put out of view his mere professions—if we look only at his writings and draw our own inferences, he is something more and better—he is a second Rienzi—a man steadily and vigorously engaged in the great work of reform behind the thin curtain of a fable. We, in these ends of the earth, we assure him, will look on with raised expectations and very good will, and judge of the moral of the fable for ourselves.

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#### ILLUSTRATION OF RIENZI.

##### ADRIAN'S LETTER TO IRENE.

"In the legends of the North, we are told of the knight, who, returning from the Holy Land, found his mistress, (believing his death) the bride of heaven; and he built a hermitage, by the convent where she dwelt, and though they never saw each other more, their souls were faithful unto death."

The allusion is here to one of those Norman ballads, of which the

tongues of Germany, France, Spain and Italy, present us many versions; but which our own language scarcely knows, except in a few translations, sadly inexpressive and rude. The tale in question has been very beautifully told by Schiller; whose German version, I have endeavoured to render into English. The translation, indeed, was casually given me, not long since, by an accomplished friend. I found it, however, on comparison with the original, to deviate from this so often, that, attempting to give it more scrupulously, I have gradually found it change completely under my hands—though not for the better I confess, except in point of exactness.

“Ritter Toggenburg,” I may as well remark, is the knight (or rider) of Toggen Castle. The term has been adopted into English, by Campbell, in one of his ballads—the “Ritter Ban.”

#### RITTER TOGGENBURG.

RITTER! this heart a sister's love  
Fondly devotes to thee;  
And asks no other love but thine, } *literal*  
Tho' thine but sorrow be. Quiet thy heart and clear thine eyes,  
And speed thy noble course—  
Nay, why, thy drooping eyelids through,  
Their way do tear-drops force?  
In mute grief listening, struggles he  
The pain to master at his heart;  
And, with one last and long embrace,  
Springs on his war-steed to depart.  
The trumpet sounds; about him throng  
His men, of Schweitz the best,  
Each, for that martial pilgrimage,  
With the red cross on his breast.  
  
In Paynim lands, great deeds are done  
By many an arm of might;  
But, o'er the foe, what foremost crest  
Waves ever high and bright?  
'Tis Toggen from whose thundering blow  
Shrinks every Moslem heart;  
Yet grief, not fame, within his own,  
Holds still the inmost part.  
  
In pain, unstilled by glory, thus  
Full long his heart is tossed;  
At last, untended and alone,  
He quits the Christian host.  
By Joppa's strand a ship he sees,  
That to the swift wind gives her sails;  
In her, to where he first drew breath,  
He hastens with favouring gales.  
  
In pilgrim garb, all wan and pale,  
He seeks her castle's gate;  
But ah! what words upon his heart,  
Fall like the stroke of fate!  
“She whom you seek but yesterday  
Became the bride of heaven;  
Last night, St. Mary's blessed eve,  
To God her vows were given.”

Turns from that hall the heart-struck  
knight,  
And from his proud domain;  
On mail, or arms, or plumed steed  
Never to look again,  
From Toggen's princely towers afar,  
Wanders he, all unknown;  
And o'er his limbs, for silken pall  
The shirt of hair is thrown.  
Where peer a cloister's towers above  
The gloomy linden's shade,  
Slowly an humble hut is built,  
In yonder opening glade;  
And there, from morning's earliest blush,  
'Till day's last light is gone,  
With look of calmest love and hope,  
Sits Toggen's knight alone.  
Upon that dim monastic pile  
Rests his unwearied gaze,  
Until some open window there  
The form he loves betrays;  
'Till she—his loved and lost one—child  
Of piety and light—  
Comes her unconscious image there  
To offer to his sight.  
Then, well-content, his humble couch  
Seeks he; where o'er his slumbers free  
Hover sweet dreams, or the fond wish  
That morn it soon may be.  
Him, coming day, forever there,  
His vigil saw renew;  
And lingering night his tender prayer  
Heard, through the year, still true.  
And still his loved and lost one—child  
Of piety and light—  
Came, her chance-offered image there  
Giving, to bless his sight.  
At last, one morn, at that low door,  
Whence he so long had gazed,  
A corpse they found, its pale, calm face,  
Still towards that casement raised.

## MAY DAY.

THE door opened hastily. The laughing voices of the children, the scrubbing of their little feet upon the mat, reminded Mrs. Rawlins that she had promised to send Harriet, her eldest daughter, to see a sick neighbor. The romping child did not give her mother time to call her—but skipped across the floor and threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming in exultation, “I am to be Queen, mother.” The other children followed her, clapping their little hands and dancing with delight—yes mother, Harriet is to be Queen; and they crowded around her knee, while she laid down her work and encircled them with her arms. And next Tuesday’s May Day, and we are all to be up at four to gather prim roses.” What mother’s heart does not beat with delight at the very idea of her daughter, her own dear child, being selected from among the children, as the favourite of the neighborhood—and the thrill of gratification almost drew a tear from her eye. In her enjoyment she had nearly forgotten her intention, when the eyes of the children caught sight of the fruit upon the table, and as children always do, began to beg for it. “No, my dears,” no, answered the mother—“it is for poor Mrs. Anderson, who is sick, and you, your majesty, continued she smiling, must be the bearer of the present, if it is not too great a condescension.” Harriet after this remark, stood with a downcast look, her finger resting on her lip. Mrs. Rawlins did not at first perceive it, being engaged at the time in placing the fruit in a basket, and covering it with a clean white napkin. At length the little girl walked up to her with a slow step, and an expression, which any one but her mother would have mistaken for an unwillingness to accomplish the little errand proposed. But the mother knew the child’s heart too well. Our little May Queen was indeed a good child—more fond of the smile of approbation than of any thing on earth—the keenest misery she ever felt was her mother’s anger. “What is the matter with your majesty, enquired the mother,” and the grief burst out at once. “I don’t want to be Queen, mother, if I can’t be your pet,” answered Harriet, in sobs of innocent grief. No throne, no crown, could be exchanged with her for that endearing expression, and the greatest applause from others, without her mother’s smile, had no avail. Mrs. Rawlins always called her pet. “I don’t want to be Queen, mother, if you are not to call me pet,” she repeated. The feeling was reciprocal, and she was warmly pressed to that bosom where most she loved to be, and she left the house cheerfully, to execute her little errand. Silently did that mother sit, and in her heart thank her God, that he had given her such a child, so beautiful and yet so good. Even the wealthier neighbors noticed her, and all delighted in the idea of helping to dress the May Queen. When she returned, it was evident that she had been weeping. “Mother, poor Mrs. Anderson says, that she’s much obliged to you, but she does not think that any thing can do her good now—she is going to die—and she looks so bad, mother—she used to be so kind to me when she was here churning for you.” This was on Friday evening. On the following morning she arose with the children—but that she was laboring under a degree of lassitude, was visible in her countenance. On Sunday she was very unwell, and medical aid was resorted to—the fever

increased—all night long was Mrs. Rawlins compelled to sit up with her. Every hour during the Monday, the children came running in to enquire whether the May Queen would be well enough to attend, and the Doctor, as he passed along, was constantly assailed by their enquiries, "How is Harriet, Doctor—how is the May Queen—do you think she will be well enough to dance with us to-morrow?" And one little fellow ran up to him, seizing his stirrup, as he rode along. "Please Doctor make Harriet well for us, to-morrow, and I'll go on messages for you whenever you want me to."

Never did May come in more beautifully. The day was fine, and the vegetable world, nay every thing, seemed to feel and show that it was May. The birds sang cheerfully—the children arose to gather their flowers and all were as happy as their anticipations could have wished—the May pole had been erected—every thing had been arranged, but in all this preparation for festivity—midst all this looked for pleasure, Mrs. Rawlins had no enjoyment—two nights had she sat watching beside the bed of her sick child—moaning the live long night in agony and pain—she had been to visit Mrs. Anderson, and had caught the fever. The children came in a body to fetch her as their Queen—the little gate of the garden was closed, and they stood around the palings, peeping through to watch for their Queen, should she be well enough to come. The cottage door was opened, and one of Harriet's sisters came with one of the neighbors to the gate—a low whisper was passed through the little crowd, and you could see them in separate parties slowly retiring, with downcast looks. The day indeed, was bright—the flowers were gay—but who was there could smile—who could be cheerful when Harriet was dead. Never was there a more gloomy day in that village—the May pole stood alone—the garlands were neglected—and the wreath intended for the May Queen's brow was twined around her corpse.

[The following piece of Poetry, by the author of "May Day," written at an early age, has some defects, but is strongly recommended by the fine tone of feeling that pervades it, and the moral that accompanies it.]—*Editor Journal.*

#### LINES

WRITTEN BY A SCHOOL BOY, TO HIS MOTHER, WHILE UNDER CENSURE FOR SOME FLA-  
GRANT OFFENCE. THEY WERE, AS THE READER MAY NATURALLY SUPPOSE, THE  
CAUSE OF A RECONCILIATION.

THE brightest blossom I have known,  
Fades like the weakest flower,  
While the meanest bud hath blown,  
The richest in the bower.

Who would have thought, that I, who seemed,  
While at my mother's breast,  
All that my fancy could have dreamed,  
All that her wish expressed;

Who would have thought, that I, whose tears  
Stung like the keenest dart,

Should ever cause, in after years,  
A pang to wound her heart.

Her heart, who anxious while I slept  
Lest I should be awoke,  
So fearfully, on tiptoe crept,  
And in a whisper spoke.

Nor would allow the very wind  
To play upon my brow,  
And have I proved to her unkind,  
To whom my life I owe?

I cannot but confess it was,  
(E'en tho' my pride rebel)  
If that she had a fault—because  
She loved her child too well.

Shunned and despised by all mankind,  
And smiled upon by none,  
Go where I will, I'm sure to find,  
Reproach from every one.

Oh could I feel my sins forgiven,  
And that my prayer were heard,  
Each blessing I could ask of heaven,  
On her should be conferred.

Her rising sigh should be suppressed,  
And he a balm impart,  
To give her aching bosom rest,  
Whose folly broke her heart.

## WHEN WE PART.

WHEN we part shall the smile that now kindles thy cheek,  
Give way to the soft beaming tear of regret—  
Will thine eye tell the tale that thy lip may not speak,  
Will their orbs with the pledge of thy feeling be wet?  
Will the bosom that now swiftly throbs at my touch  
Remember the joys of the moments thus past,  
Or shall raptures that roused in each bosom so much,  
Be the first and the brightest—the sweetest and last!

We part, dearest love, and the storm clouds appear,  
To darken the prospect, to shadow the scene,  
But the sun will shine forth in its lustre more clear,  
And our hills and our valleys shall once more be green.  
Thus life has its changes—the heart may be rent,  
Its ties all dissevered, its young promise cross'd,  
But the very same storm, when its fury is spent,  
With a warm smile from summer shall melt its own frost.

P.

## A VISIT TO SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S PLANTATION.

*Mr. Editor.*—I lately went with my friend Sir Roger De Coverley, to visit his plantation, and having been agreeably entertained, besides acquiring some information which may be useful to the readers of your journal, I have thought it would be worth while to give you some account of my excursion. Mr. Addison and Lady Markham were of the party. We left town at two o'clock, and reached the knight's place about sunset. The day was pleasant, notwithstanding a hazy morning and some threats of an April shower. In order that we might, each of us, enjoy the pleasure of Lady Markham's company, she was distributed between us—that is to say, I sometimes would ride by the side of her ladyship, and enjoy her conversation, and then Sir Roger and Mr. Addison would go together—for we had two vehicles. Again Mr. Addison would claim the privilege of saying agreeable things to the lady, and I and Sir Roger would go in company, and finally Sir Roger would take his seat by her side, and leave me to be entertained by Mr. Addison. It was so arranged, that the male couple, whichever they might be for the time, went in front, while the gentleman and lady who happened to be together, followed after, and, by some mysterious chance, it happened that the subsequent vehicle, containing the lady, always fell greatly into the rear, so much so, as often to entirely lose sight of its predecessor. Perhaps some of your readers may suppose, that Lady Markham's horse was the slowest traveller, but the fact was otherwise. She had the advantage both in the speed of her steed, and the comfort of her vehicle. This gave rise to some pleasantries when the vehicles came within speaking and hearing distance. Sir Roger would thrust his head forth and looking behind, would cry out, "Eh! Mr. Addison, what are you doing there with Lady Markham?" and Mr. Addison would in his turn, as he had opportunity, amuse himself in like manner at the expense of the knight, and both of them would then turn the jest upon me. This would cause the lady to blush up to the eyebrows, and the gentlemen would feel themselves severally called upon to vindicate themselves against these sly attacks and inuendoes, which they did by various pleasant excuses. The fact is, no one can doubt a moment as to the gallantry and modest reserve, either of Mr. Addison or Sir Roger De Coverley, when brought into the society of any of the fair sex, and more especially when placed tête-à-tête with the accomplished Lady Markham. For myself, I can take my oath (though I think my word sufficient) that our conversation, when I enjoyed the honor of her ladyship's company, turned upon the most innocent topics, such as the delights of a country life in the pleasant season of Spring—the beautiful foliage of the Southern forests, the variety of blooming wild flowers that perfumed the atmosphere, and delighted the eye of the traveller, &c. &c. topics naturally suggested by the circumstances of a pleasant ride along a shady and quiet road in the lovely month of April. At one time, I and Lady Markham stopped to take refreshment, for we were well provided with all sorts of delicacies to allay hunger and keep up our spirits. This occasioned some delay, during which our companions got far in advance of us, and when we came up with them, I shall never forget how heartily Mr. Ad.

dison and Sir Roger laughed at us; but I had, as I have before hinted, opportunity enough to pay them for their wit, which I did with interest.

It may appear singular, that I should speak of Mr. Addison and Sir Roger De Coverley, English people, who flourished so far back as the time of Queen Anne of blessed memory, as personages belonging to our own times and country; but the fact is, neither of those distinguished men is dead yet. If we consult fame, I am aware, my asseveration will be brought in question. Mr. Addison, in vulgar opinion, has been dead more than an age, and Sir Roger De Coverley is generally reputed to have left the world before him, but I hate vulgar opinions. The present is a philosophical era, and we ought not to lag behind our predecessors in the adoption of great truths which they had the sagacity to discover. Men seem to die and to pass off the stage, but it is only an appearance. Their souls, without undergoing any very radical changes, only pass into new forms, sometimes of men, at others, of inferior animals. They go by different names, but the substance, which is the material thing, remains, to all intents and purposes, the same. It is true, that Addison, before he was a man, was a woman—it is said, a milliner, and this is the reason why, when he was of our sex, he had so keen an insight into the fashions, and wrote so learnedly and pleasantly about them. But Addison is still alive. He once passed over to this country, changed his name, and took up his residence in Philadelphia, as is well known to all the readers of the *Port Folio*, and lately he has paid a visit to Charleston. And as for Sir Roger De Coverley—the facetious humorist—he has long been a resident of our State; having been a cotton planter for the last fifteen years, in my own neighborhood. I know him well—have visited him often, and love him much, and I will prove what I assert to the satisfaction of any skeptic who is not a very obstinate fellow.

Sir Roger, tho' he has lived so long in the world, still appears to be on the uphill side of life. He is apparently in the vigor of his years. His mind is as healthy and cheerful as ever. He loves a joke, and can perpetrate one with as much grace and glee as he could in the times of the "*Spectator*." I ought to describe his person, not because I consider this the most important part of the man, but because I love to dwell on whatever appertains to my friend. Sir Roger is full six feet in height. His hair was originally jet black, but now in the progress of time, (for time changes all things human) it has turned to grey. It makes him look more venerable, and does not detract a jot from my esteem, or from his own striking appearance. I should not (to look at him) judge him to be above five and forty, though, in fact, he is entitled to more than three times that amount of years. He still has the full use of all his physical powers, is a rapid walker, and a skilful equestrian, and performs as much bodily labor as any gentleman does, or ought to perform, who has his own servants about him. Sir Roger has keen grey eyes, which twinkle under his heavy and over arching brows, and frequently speak very emphatically, when his tongue utters never a word—in other language, he has what poets and lovers call speaking eyes—eyes through which the quick and powerful soul makes itself felt

understood, by all who have either sympathy or wit. He usually dresses in grave colors, befitting his years and character, and when he indulges in his peculiar vein of humor, he never laughs, but saves the strength of his risible powers in order to call it into active service when others say pleasant things in his hearing. I forgot to mention Sir Roger's whiskers, but must not omit them, as they are indispensable to any proper description of his person. He does not wear mustachios, but his whiskers are in good keeping with the spirit of the age. They are very large and very black, and stretching nearly the whole length of his face from his ears to his chin, give to his countenance a rather fierce and military appearance. The truth is, Sir Roger was formerly in the army, and during the last American war, held a post of considerable importance as an officer.

Sir Roger has an interesting family. His lady is a charming woman—still beautiful, and retaining many of those attractions which once rendered her a celebrated belle. She is the mother of five living and blooming children, a promising son, and four lovely daughters, and she has had the misfortune to lose others. She is not so talkative as I could wish, but still displays a great propriety of demeanor, such as is suited to the walks of high life. She is an excellent manager of her children, instructs them herself in vacation time, and their sweet, interesting and modest carriage proves how excellent has been the domestic economy under which they have received their training. Indeed I must say, I have never seen a mother and children who seem to understand better their reciprocal duties, or who practise them in a more exemplary manner. Lady De Coverley is a woman of fine sense, as well as of graceful and courtly manners, and her education in early life was excellent. The family were expecting us, and received us cordially, and I am sure were heartily glad to see us. Lady Markham had long been acquainted with Lady De Coverley. So had I. But Mr. Addison, who had recently arrived in this section of the country, had never before seen her. Sir Roger therefore introduced him, which furnished Mr. Addison an opportunity of saying some gallant things, for when Mr. Addison had known Sir Roger in England, as our readers may remember, the knight was a bachelor.

A cheerful cup of tea, after the ceremony of meeting and exchange of mutual congratulations and enquiries was over, served to put us all in good humor. The conversation was lively, entertaining, and sometimes even profound. Lady Markham and her fair entertainer, discussed the fashions with much spirit, and I recollect hearing the former observe, that a change was now in contemplation in respect to the shape of ladies' sleeves. The mantua-makers, said Lady Markham, were quite at a stand, waiting for advices from Havre, but a great lady who leads the ton in New-York had, she remarked, lately appeared at a large party with sleeves tight, quite down to the elbow, and then terminating in a frill, and it was thought the fashion would gain ground and become general. Sir Roger said he was glad to hear it, for bishop sleeves, with hoops passing over the shoulder, were very inconvenient, and he had lately heard a physician say, that he had found it difficult, in consequence, to get at the vein of a fair patient's arm, who was suddenly

seized with the pleurisy. I smiled at Sir Roger's anecdote, and Mr. Addison said, the fashion of tight sleeves was one of the oldest fashions in the world, and that he had published some speculations on the subject more than a century ago, and ended by saying, that as such an innovation in the fashions was about to be introduced, he would recommend another, which was, that Sir Roger should shave off his own hair and put on a bush wig—an example which he ventured to say, coming from so high a quarter, would soon be followed by President Jackson and the members of Congress, and would be attended with this advantage at least, that it would remind the wise men of the nation of the good old times—the times when orators and representatives made short and pithy speeches, and, if they had nothing to say, were content to sit still and hold their tongues. I was not altogether pleased with this last remark of Mr. Addison, and thought it savored a little of English prejudice, but hating controversy about small things, I suffered the remark to go forth without dispute. The evening passed away in pleasant chit chat, till the hour for repose drawing near, Sir Roger called his family together, and after reading in a distinct and cheerful voice a passage from the holy scriptures, requested Mr. Addison to make a prayer, which he did in so devout and becoming a manner, as to convince me that the author of the fine essay on the Immortality of the Soul in the Spectator, knew as well how to pray as to preach. We now bid each other good night, and went to bed, Sir Roger promising to show us the plantation on the morrow.

I was awakened at day break by a chorus of a hundred voices sent up from the poultry yard—the minder having called her brood around her for the purpose of dispensing their morning meal—geese, ducks, hens, turkeys running and flying from all quarters at the welcome call. I afterwards understood that Lady Coverley (for this part of the domestic establishment falls under her supervision,) annually raises poultry enough of various kinds to supply the knight's table with dinners throughout the year. Add to this, quantities of wild fowl, venison from the forest, oysters from the bed of the river, fish from the stream, and fruits of every description adapted to the climate, and you will admit, that my friend has nothing to complain of, on the score of choice and tempting viands wherewithal to spread his hospitable board. This morning Lady Markham read the scripture lesson, and I was called on to lead in the devotions. This courtesy of Sir Roger pleased me, although, as no person has greater reason to thank God for his goodness than Sir Roger, I should have preferred, I confess, to have heard him express his gratitude in his own way. At breakfast we had, in addition to other delicacies, strawberries and cream, to which we were all helped once, and enjoyed these first fruits of the garden greatly. There were not enough left to supply all the guests a second time; so Lady Coverley placed the remainder on Mr. Addison's plate. I looked at them with a longing and jealous eye for a moment, but it soon occurred to me that Mr. Addison was entitled to this distinction for two reasons, first, because he was an old and highly valued friend of Sir Roger, whom he had not seen for a long time, and it was uncertain when he would pay him another visit; while I and Lady Markham were in the habit of vis.

iting him often; and secondly, because Mr. Addison was, at the time, somewhat of an invalid, and found the strawberries peculiarly grateful to his palate. He was not insensible to Lady De Coverley's politeness, and said when he arrived home he should be sure and inform Mrs. Addison how very hospitably Lady De Coverley had entertained him.

Eleven o'clock was the hour appointed by Sir Roger to show us the plantation. There were but four horses that could be equipped with saddles, so it was determined that Sir Roger, Mr. Addison, and Sir Roger's oldest daughter, and I, should make up the riding party, while Lady Markham and Lady De Coverley, enjoyed a tête-a-tête by themselves at home. There are three avenues leading to Sir Roger's plantation, a central and two side avenues, in the laying out of which, my friend has consulted beauty of arrangement, no less than convenience. The road leading to the central avenue, by which we entered the night previous, is tastefully embellished, for a considerable distance, with the non-descript, or cherokee rose, which makes a live fence more permanent and gay than the English hawthorn. It was in full bloom, and struck the eye very agreeably. The severity of the winter of 1835, was however, too much for it. It died in some places; but by Sir Roger's skillful training, it has recovered its standing, and in the course of a year or two more, if nothing happens to it, it will be fifteen feet high, and so thick and so well armed with thorns, that not only no horned cattle will dare to encounter it, but not even a partridge or a squirrel will be able to penetrate it. We first went to see that part of the plantation which was being put in a state of preparation for corn planting—a species of agriculture which Sir Roger knew nothing about in England, but which has since been successfully introduced there by the Hon. William Cobbett, who died lately, after performing many services for his country. We found about fifty able bodied servants, including men and women, engaged in preparing the land. Some were carting—some ditching and draining low places—others were ploughing, and others following the plough with their hoes, and shaping the earth into banks or beds, into which the corn was to be subsequently dropped. "The daily task," said Sir Roger, in answer to an inquiry of Mr. Addison, "of each full hand who labors with the hoe, is to bank a quarter and an eighth of an acre, and the plough preceding the hoe, renders this exceedingly easy—so much so, that those who work diligently, frequently come out of their tasks by ten or eleven o'clock, and have the rest of the day to devote to their own business or pleasures." As my friend rode along, he addressed several of the servants, asking questions and giving directions about their work. I was much pleased to notice the good understanding that existed between him and this branch of his family, of which the terms evidently were, care and condescension on one side, and respect and affection on the other. The scene brought forcibly to my mind the account we have, in the Old Testament, of the primeval age, in which the good old patriarchs exercised a like jurisdiction over the men and women servants that were born to them in their respective households.

We next passed into the cotton field. That tender and fragile

plant was just bursting the ground, bearing for a crest the shell of the old seed, and here and there the first leaf fully developed. A few weeks hence when it unfolds its beautiful blossom—the germ of the future fruit, changing its brilliant hues daily with the progress of the sun through the heavens, it will present a prospect, upon which I am sure our friend Mr. Addison would gaze with no little pleasure, and I am sorry, as he makes now only a flying visit, and takes the next steam-boat to Norfolk, in order to enjoy the company of Sir Richard Steele's lady and daughter, who are going thither, that he will not be here to see it. The field through which we were now passing, comprised three hundred acres, the quantity of land which Sir Roger plants annually in corn and cotton, although he has six hundred acres under a good fence, by which means he is able to change his land and his crop every other season, which prevents the soil from deteriorating. The avenue by which we returned homeward, was planted with the various beautiful shade trees for which the Southern country is so remarkable—the cedar, sycamore, water oak, live oak, laurel, elm and poplar, at regular distances, vying with each other, their branches waving gently to the breeze, and their polished and rich foliage of every shade of verdure glistening in the sunlight. Reining up my horse, I fell into the rear and rode by the side of the knight's daughter—a charming girl of fifteen, who with a mind of considerable precocity, was just emerging from the innocent familiarity of girlhood, into the more reserved bearing of the coy candidate for the higher honors of her sex. My friend's settlement now appeared in the distance, exhibiting all the cheerfulness of a neat country village, his own mansion being most conspicuous, and having upon its top a cupola, which gave it very much the appearance of a church. I remarked this circumstance to the young lady that was riding by my side. "And, in a certain sense, is it not one?" she replied. "Is it not an edifice in which the grateful heart may properly offer up its thanksgivings to the author of all good? You know that it is. For my part," she continued, "I look upon every house as a church that is consecrated by the spirit of true devotion. It matters not whether the great God be worshipped under the 'bowed roof,' or under the broad expanse of the 'vaulted heavens.' The anthem of praise may be chaunted from the lofty mountain top, and the tear of penitence may flow acceptably in the lowly valley. I have been taught by my kind parents to believe, that God is every where present for good, and although it may be a solemn duty to worship him in temples specially dedicated to his service on the holy Sabbath, yet they have assured me, and I believe, that it is of less importance, where and when we pray to him and praise him, than that the heart should be rightly affected." "Bless you, my dear young lady!" I replied, for these noble and worthy sentiments found a ready response in my own breast. "I approve your views with all my heart. They are just and liberal; they do you honor; and they reflect honor upon the parents by whom you have been so well and gently nurtured. *O si sic omnes!*"

"By which you mean to say," she hastily rejoined, "would to God that all were like my present companion!"

"I do, I do," said I. "I would to heaven that all who are so young in years were so old, so very old in true wisdom! But I was not aware that you understood Latin."

"Yes," she replied, "I know something of Latin, but more of French. The moderns are the first in my regard, the ancients only second. It was not my lot to be born in ancient times, but in the present age, and with the latter I am more especially connected by the living tongues. Do not, however, regard me as a standard. I am ambitious of no such distinction—indeed, I am not worthy of it. I can only say, let those views of God and of his worship prevail, which he shall most approve, and by which he shall be best honored."

"I stand corrected," I replied, "while I reciprocate your sentiments with lively pleasure."

As we drew nearer to the house, it lost much of the church-like aspect which it seemed to wear, when viewed at a distance, and I was able to take a better view of it than was possible in our approach to it in the dusk of the previous evening. Without being a fine, it was still a handsome, building, of a better sort than is to be usually seen upon our Southern plantations. It had been recently built by Sir Roger, and was in the modern style. Comfort and good taste had been carefully consulted in its structure. It stood on a high foundation, with a piazza in front, a wing on either side, and a stoop in the rear. There were six rooms upon the lower floor, including the library apartment, the drawing room, the breakfast parlor, the nursery, and rooms devoted to other purposes. Those in the second story, contained fewer in number, those in the attick still less, while the cupola, already referred to, from which we afterwards took a survey of the neighborhood, in solitary grandeur, crowned the whole. Back of the house, the garden, in a circular form, tastefully laid out, presented to the eye a variety of wild and native flowers, and beautiful shrubbery, which scented the air with their fragrance. At its extremity was an artificial lake, in the centre of which, an island had been formed by human hands, and over this lake the branches of weeping willows, planted upon its border, hung gracefully, and gave a picturesque appearance to the scene. The spacious yard in front of the mansion, with its carpet of living green, sloped gently down to the banks of a fine bold river, the latter constituting a natural fence, as well as a water prospect of peculiar beauty. On either side of the house, at suitable distances, stood the out buildings appertaining to the settlement—the kitchen, dairy, stable, carriage house, gin house, cotton house, poultry house, pigeon house, boat house, and though last, not least important in the knight's estimation, a hall, where the slaves assembled on the Sabbath for purposes of social worship. We were conducted over these several buildings, and examined them with much care and curiosity—a fact which seemed to give pleasure to our kind entertainer. They were, like the house, recently erected after models furnished by himself, and built under his particular inspection, and were every way comfortable, airy and convenient—indeed to a degree seldom seen in edifices of this description. I had almost forgotten to mention the orchard situated hard by, which was used also as a vegetable garden, and where my friend had been

successful\* in training to a high degree of perfection, a variety of fruit trees, collected from different parts of the country.

We were just about to enter the yard and alight from our horses, when Sir Roger's daughter reminded him that we had not yet visited the houses at a little distance, appropriated to the slaves of the plantation and their families. "True," he replied, "I had almost forgotten, my friends, to show you a part of my domestic establishment, in which I take some credit to myself for my efforts." We all now rode towards the negro settlement. It consisted of two rows of neat white cottages, separated from each other by a broad verdant common or street, running through the centre, and by cross streets intersecting the main one, passing by each house, so that there was no want of space for the free circulation of wholesome air. Each house had two apartments, one for culinary operations, the other for lodging, besides a loft intended for the reception and storage of various small articles. There were two doors, by way of entrance, one on either side of each domicil, and an entry running through the middle. There were, in all, about thirty houses built after this fashion, constituting, as you may suppose, a moderately sized village. The three first houses that we came to were neat, but slightly built, and had only clay chimnies. All the rest were substantial framed buildings, with excellent brick chimnies upon the outside. I asked Sir Roger why he had made such a difference in the houses, a difference, I remarked, which seemed calculated to excite the jealous feelings of some of the tenants, and to nourish the pride of others. "Those three first dwellings," he replied, "which have attracted your attention, are occupied by three bachelors. I like to encourage matrimony, and when any of my servants marry, I give the young pair a house to themselves, better built than those which they occupied in a state of single blessedness;" and he pointed to one which he was then building for a young couple recently joined in the silken bonds, having, though upon a small scale, conveniences, which would make it an object of envy to many a wealthy Alabama planter. Each house had a comfortable garden attached to it, in which were fruit trees and vegetables. We passed through the centre of the little settlement, and were struck with the air of neatness, cleanliness and comfort that pervaded it throughout. I could not avoid expressing my approbation aloud. "I have these houses white-washed," said Sir Roger, "every Spring. This contributes not only to their good appearance, but to the health of their inmates. Cleanliness is indispensable to health, and makes the slave prolific. I have, at this time, a hundred and fifty of these people, and their annual increase may be estimated as adding as much to my income, as results from all other sources. I have now," said he, turning to Mr. Addison, "given you a bird's eye glance at a Southern plantation. I have made you acquainted with some of the circumstances attending the condition of slavery as it exists among us—of slavery—that degraded condition, (as it is represented by some) upon which the misguided enthusiasts of the past and present age have expended so much senseless commiseration. This endearing relation," he continued, with feelings of virtuous indignation apparent in his countenance, "equally beneficial to both bond and free, is the one which ignorant, envious,

self-styled philanthropists have pronounced to be tyrannical and unjust. How little do these meddlers know of the actual state of things which they so vehemently condemn! You see around you, sir, only healthy, laughing, contented beings of either sex, all of them well clad—all of them engaged in wholesome and moderate labor, without which the mere name of freedom, even if they possessed it, would be a curse—you see them, (and I say it in no boasting spirit) comfortably provided for—all their reasonable wants daily and duly supplied—food and raiment in ample supply—though coarse, yet well adapted to health and the condition of a laboring class of people—far more so, than the luxuries which tempt the morbid appetite of the wealthy, pampered epicure—you see the dwellings where they are comfortably housed and protected from the inclemencies of the climate and weather—when sick, medical skill is at hand to relieve them. Why should they be discontented without cause? Why should others trouble themselves, insult the humane master, and throw society into confusion, by representing their condition as deplorably wretched? It is not so. Far from it. What do they want, essential to their comfort, which they do not abundantly possess? They are at no expense for the support of their families; they incur no debts; they pay no fines; they fear no bailiffs; they are free from corroding cares; they are not harrassed by the restless desire of amassing fortunes, which a breath of wind may dissipate; they are remote from the vexatious arena of political life—the mad strife for office and honor; by day they labor cheerfully; at night their sleep is sweet, and they care not for the morrow."

My friend was becoming warm on this exciting topic, without however overstepping the bounds of reason and decorum. I was anxious to ascertain how his sentiments would be received by Mr. Addison, whom I had not yet heard express an opinion upon the subject. The impression made upon his mind, I was pleased to see, was every way favorable.

"I think," he replied that the pseudo-philanthropists to whom you refer have done you and the cause of truth no little injustice. What more does man really require, than a sufficiency to supply all his natural wants? Society, it is true, places him in an artificial position, and extends his desires indefinitely, but is it certain that this change renders him a happier being? I doubt it. I am not certain that the slave, all things considered, is not more independent of events even than his master—that he is not, in fact, a freer being. Freedom and slavery! what are they? Relative terms often misunderstood, and as often grossly misapplied. A variety of circumstances, that are generally overlooked, must enter into the inquiry, whether the individual growing up under, and influenced by them, be a free being or otherwise. The germ of freedom, I take it, exists in every breast—a natural inalienable inheritance that can neither be abstracted or destroyed, to a ruinous extent, by the force of events and external condition. I have lived a long time in the world, have noted the operation of governments and the institutions, customs and manners of people in different countries and at different periods, and I have come at last to the conclusion, that no individual, be he prince or peasant, be he monarch or subject, be he republican or slave, is entitled, in the highest sense, to the appellation of a freeman,

who does not subdue his passions, and act conformably to the dictates of right reason, and I know of no condition of society, high or low, where this degree of freedom may not be attained, and enjoyed in the fullest degree. In every well regulated State, there must be a subordination of ranks. The strong subdue the weak; the active get the better of the idle; the talented and well informed, exercise an influence, which the ignorant and persons of inferior intellect sigh after in vain. Such is the order of Providence in respect to our race in every age and among every people. I once thought differently, but my opinions have changed with increasing experience, and from extending my observation to a wider range. I am now convinced that the would-be reformers of this century and country, are running directly counter to the laws of nature, the laws of society, and the clearly expressed will of the Supreme Arbiter, in their attempts to measure all intellects by the same standard, and to raise all ranks and conditions of men to precisely the same level. It is a vain attempt, and will be found to be so in the end."

"Yes!" said Sir Roger, "in an intellectual point of view, I am confident the African slave can never be raised to an equality with the whites. They are, and always have been, in the structure of their minds an inferior race. Some of the African races, I admit, are intellectual in a high degree; but the real African negro has never been in any way distinguished for his mental progress. Since the world has stood, we do not hear of a negro who has invented an art, made any discovery in science or attained to a high reputation in any department of literature. It is said they are kept down by their slavish, degraded condition. It is sufficient to reply, that if they were really possessed of intellectual superiority, they would, before now, have given some demonstration of it in spite of their condition. They never have done this for themselves, and all the attempts that have been made to elevate their rank and give them an independent, political position, have been glaring failures. Where they are most free, they are most worthless. There may be occasional instances of quickness of apprehension among them, but as a race, they are clearly inferior. They are well fitted to the condition of servants and laborers which they occupy, and while they are humanely treated they have no right to complain themselves, or, others a right to agitate the country, and produce disturbances on their account."

"If the poorer classes," I remarked, "who boast of their freedom, were to open their eyes, they might chance to see, that they are often less independent of circumstances than the slaves, and that the chief difference existing between them, amounts, in nine cases out of ten, only to this, that the poor freeman has, and the slave has not, the privilege of voting at elections—that the former (where he is not bribed in some way or other, which he often is) has, and the slave has not, the power, in a free country, of choosing his own master or sovereign, whose behests each is bound, equally, to obey."

The remainder of the time which we spent with Sir Roger, was agreeably occupied in discussing a variety of pleasant topics, bearing particularly upon the institutions and wonderful march of improvement of the present age. The next morning, we set out on our return to the city. Sir Roger had professional business that rendered this step necessary,

and Mr. Addison, as I before intimated was, next day, to take the steam-boat for Norfolk, with Lady Steele and daughter. Lady De Coverley very politely insisted on my and Lady Markham's remaining a few days with her to enjoy the pleasures of the country, but my engagements were such as to deprive me of this grateful relaxation. We all therefore took our leave, while I promised Sir Roger to pay him another visit as soon as circumstances permitted. A few days after our return, I saw Lady Markham, and she expressed herself to have been highly delighted with her visit to the mansion of the facetious and hospitable knight.

Φ. B. K.

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IT IS MAY.

It is May, it is May,  
 And the earth and the skies look gay;  
 And the little birds are carolling on every leafy spray.  
 The blushing tint of the eastern ray,  
 And the balmy breath of the break of day,  
 Call on the lark for his roundelay;  
 Who seems to the feathered tribe to say  
 Lift up your voice, rejoice, rejoice,  
 It is May, it is May.  
 Old Winter is off: let him go, let him go:  
 With his icicled beard and his blanket of snow.  
 He departed with steps reluctant and slow;  
 And seemed not his own resolves to know:  
 With a scowl unkind  
 He lingered behind  
 Like a conquered but dogged and obstinate foe.  
 Let him go, let him go.  
 The spell-bound rivers are free to flow  
 Teeming with life and joy below,  
 While the bosom of earth feels the genial glow,  
 For Spring has descended with life-giving showers,  
 And brought into blossom her scented flowers,  
 And Summer has promised so golden and gay,  
 To visit her sister, our beautiful May.  
 May, May,  
 It is May, it is May!  
 Now mirth bounds lightly o'er hill and o'er plain,  
 And the tide of life revels in every vein:  
 And blushes break out when the lov'd one's nigh,  
 And affection beams forth from the eloquent eye,  
 And breathes in the bosom's unbidden sigh.  
 Oh life of all life! oh joy of all joys,  
 When glances respond from the kindling eyes!  
 When the pressure first felt from the hand that is prest  
 Reveals what the tongue would have never confest!  
 In youth's spring day,  
 In life's blythe May,  
 Oh, this is the sunshine that gladdens the day!  
 Sombre the prospect and dreary the road,  
 Where love does not point to his own abode.  
 That paradise gain'd, we may joyfully say,  
 May, May,  
 It is May, it is May,

C

## HARPER'S FERRY, (Va.) MAY, 1830.

No more successful attempt will ever be made to delineate the beauties of this charming spot than that of Jefferson, so well known and so often quoted. In passing a few days here, I was fortunate in the variety of atmospheric phenomena presented. One evening offered a tremendous thunder storm, the loud peals reverberating awfully from cliff to cliff, and dying away on the distant hill sides, and on the bosom of the waters.

On the next, there was a glorious sunset, night coming on with a calm tranquility, while the waning light faded gently. I sat upon the mountain, and watched the descent of the king of day. The spirit of delight seemed to cover the earth and fill the air. Every sense received its special gratification; the eye was enchanted with the magnificence and grandeur of the surrounding scene, and the beauty of the diversified landscape; the ear with the warbling of birds, the dash of the torrents beneath, and the rural sounds which just reached without annoying me. The wild flowers of the gay and joyous spring bloomed abundantly around, and diffused their fragrance on the breeze.

I lingered until the shades of twilight deepened over the valley, and the rosy glow upon the highest cliffs was tinged with a soft purple. The stars were, one after another, peeping from the obscurity of the blue vault above, the din of human labor had ceased to arouse the echoes of the opposite precipices, and night and silence had begun their gentle reign.

Who loves fair nature, fails not here to find  
 Her charms in all variety combined;  
 Her magic hand profuse has here bestowed  
 Hill, valley, mountain, glen, and foaming flood,  
 Innum'rous islets crowned with shrubs and flowers,  
 Moistened with rainbow spray, and sparkling showers,  
 Sweetly bestrew each river's craggy bed,  
 While frowning rocks above, their sorrow spread;  
 Meadows and groves enrobed in living green,  
 Adorn their banks and deck the beauteous scene.  
 The philosophic sage, whose kindling eyes  
 First viewed this picture with enrapt surprise,  
 Painted the landscape with a faithful touch,  
 Nor, though entranced, expressed one grace too much.

D.

## HARPER'S ADDRESS.

This Address delivered before the South Carolina Society for the Advancement of Learning, by Judge Harper, is, in its kind, one of the choicest productions of the present century—honorable, in a pre-eminent degree to the literature of the South—replete with noble and patriotic sentiments—enriched with just and profound views of society and the demands of the age, and constituting, altogether, a production, of which the Society referred to must be proud, and worthy of the distinguished jurist, statesman and scholar, from whom it emanated. We were promised a review of it from a highly valued correspondent, in which we have been disappointed, but there shall not be wanting one from some source in our next number.

## FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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MODERN NOVELS.—The question has been sometimes asked, in what class of compositions novels shall be placed, and by what rules tried. "The modern romance or novel," says Simms, "is the substitute which the people of to-day offer for the ancient epic. Its standards are the same:" and Bulwer, in the preface to *Rienzi*, observes, "if I may use the word epic in its most modest and unassuming acceptance, this fiction, tho' indulging in dramatic situations, belongs as a whole, rather to the epic than the dramatic school."

Are these distinctions just? Shall the claims of modern novelists be admitted? Are modern novels to be placed in the same rank with the ancient epic? Are they to be tried by the same rules? "I am unwilling," says Simms, "that the *Yemassee* should be examined by any other than those standards which have governed me in its composition; and, unless the critic is willing to adopt with me those leading principles, in accordance with which the materials of my book have been selected, the less we have to say to one another the better." Now what are the standards which governed this novelist in the composition of his work? Those he says of the epic—the ancient epic—by which he means the *Iliad* and *Æneid*. Bulwer, with great modesty, claims to have *Rienzi* tried by the same rules. What shall we say to such pretensions of our modern novelists?

It is very obvious, that modern novels, in one sense, cannot be regarded as epics. The word epic derived from the Greek, *επος*, *verse*, *poem*, indicates, plainly enough, that the epic must assume the *poetical*, and not the *prose* form. "The plain account," says Blair, "of the nature of an epic poem is the recitation of some illustrious enterprize in a poetical form." So says Bossuet, and every other writer who has treated of the epic. The poetical form is essential to the epic. We are not exactly aware why modern novel writers wish to be regarded as epic poets, unless it be because epic poems are, as it is said, of all poetical works, "the most dignified, and at the same time the most difficult in execution." It requires the highest order of talent to compose an epic, and if novels are epic poems, it follows, as a matter of course, that our novel writers of the present day are very talented gentlemen.

"But," says Simms, "the modern romance is a poem in *every sense* of the word. It is only with those who insist upon poetry as rhyme, and rhyme as poetry, that the identity fails to be perceptible." So then a novel or a romance, as he calls it, (by which he stretches the figure a little) is a poem in *every sense*! This is pushing novels up Parnassus with a rare spirit. We wonder how the shades of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Tasso, and other heroic bards, will like this conspiracy among the novelists to divide with them their laurels. Putting mere form however out of the question, there is something to be said in behalf of the novelists' claims. There may be all of the spirit of poetry in prose composition, and very little of it in that which is sometimes said to be the offspring of the muse. If the *Iliad* were translated into good English prose, the novelists might contend, and with some show of reason, that, to all intents and purposes, it was a grand epic composition, and

that if Ivanhoe, by some such master hand as Pope or Dryden, were converted into good poetry, that that novel might very well take rank along with the Lusiad or *Æneid*; and, upon the same principle, Simms may consider his *Yemassee* an epic, and Bulwer his *Rienzi*.

Still there would be difficulties in regarding the epic the standard of novel writing, which the novelists do not seem suitably to have weighed—which are, that there exists very little harmony among the critics as to what the properties of a real epic consist of—whether the nine Muses should, or should not, be invoked at the beginning of the poem; whether the poet should tell the story himself, or let his personages tell it for him; whether the events narrated should occupy, in the happening of them, a month, or a year, or some longer or shorter period; whether gods, and demons, ghosts and goblins must be necessarily introduced as actors, or only men and women; whether episodes and digressions may be fairly indulged in in the strict epic; whether the story should be a mere allegory or something actual and real—these, and various other questions, have been moved, mooted and still remain undecided, and the whole machinery of the epic, therefore, remains, in a good degree, undetermined by rules, and will remain so forever, unless the critics meet together in solemn conclave, reconcile discordant opinions, and promulgate the principles of the true epic for the benefit of the world. In the interim the novelists may as well be silent, and abate something of their lofty pretensions, and suffer novels to be novels, and epic poems to be epic poems.

By what standard, then, if the epic be rejected, shall novels be tried? By the same, we reply, that have always been employed for this purpose, by critics and writers—by the rules of common sense and good taste. A novel may have some of the properties of the drama—some of the characteristics of comedy, or, perchance, some of the features of tragedy, but to say that a novel is to be tried, in these days, by any one of those standards of composition singly, admitting them to be ever so well defined, is sheer pedantry. When we take up a novel to examine it, we never think of testing its merits by those standards. What then are the essential characteristics of the novel? It is necessary that a novel, as the very term implies, should be something new—new not in the invention of thoughts and sentiments, but in the combination of ideas into new forms and relations. It should be new in its plan—new in its incidents. It should place men and things in new and striking attitudes, so as to attract attention and awaken interest. The events it narrates, may be fictitious, or real, or be a mixture of both, but it is necessary, where they are wholly fictitious, that they should still be probable, and within the ordinary compass of human achievement. A novel should tell a story, and tell it in an ingenuous and pleasant way. The end of the story may be instruction, and then it partakes of the didactic character; it may be amusement, or it may aim simply to exhibit a picture of one or more of the passions powerfully roused into action either for good or evil, and then it assumes some one of the dramatic forms of composition. That a novel should inculcate some great moral truths, or maxims, is admitted; but it is not necessary that novels, like epics, should be confined to one great moral lesson. It may insist on several, and that upon every page, and from the mouth of every speaker in the dialogue, if the novelist chooses. The personages introduced should act a part consistent with the character that is, in the outset, assigned them; and, to prevent confusion, there should not be too many of them introduced. Gods and goddesses, angels and demons, black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, belong to a former age—the age of the old romance, and cannot be introduced with

success into modern novels. We have become too shrewd in these days to be cheated by such phantoms, and Scott was so well convinced of it, that he has seldom gone into the sphere of the supernatural beyond the modest precincts of witchcraft, and we, in this country, are quite satisfied with such specimens of the marvellous, as are borrowed from descriptions of savage life. A novel, narrating events, must, of course, indicate some place where the events transpired—where the scene of the novel, as it is technically called, is laid, and here the novelist may exhibit more or less talent and power in description. So the actors who achieve great results, must have time enough for their several operations, but whether this time shall be a week, a month, or a year, it is impossible to determine, for there are some individuals in fiction, as well as in real life, who can accomplish prodigies in a wonderfully short space of time, and accident or fortune may contribute, in some unexpected way, to the attainment of grand results. These are some of the general rules which good sense, exercised in the examination of the best models of the fictitious in prose composition, has set up, to guide the critic and the reader in their estimate of the character and merits of modern novels.

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Gov. CASS'S DISCOURSE BEFORE THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, 1836, 58 pp. 8vo.—The Secretary—if, indeed, he is yet to be called by that title—is one among the few members of the existing administration, who can be regarded as, in any sort, literary names—as joining the bays to the laurel of authority. Since Gov. EATON's time, literature has not flourished in the war office; and the learned diatribes of the *Globe* appear, indeed, nearly to absorb the entire taste and erudition of the whole government.

In such an administration, “the Secretary stood” almost “alone.” He possessed reputation for some attainments of a sort humaner than the art of taking scalps, or even that of “wielding at will the fierce democratie” of Pennsylvania or of Tammany Hall. He was unstained with party disgraces or atrocities, and wore serenely enough the praise of a respectable statesman, a creditable writer of Reviews, and an amiable and well informed gentleman.

His address, therefore, upon an occasion of such scope as that of the foundation of a national Society of History, forms a matter of a certain degree of expectation. Led by such expectation, we have, for once, ventured upon the dangerous task of reading an address—a species of composition whose true purpose we usually hold to be utterly misconceived by those unpractised readers, whose good faith betrays them into supposing, that such things should be actually perused. We have not only read Mr. CASS's address, but actually read it with no very bitter repentance; a good event of which it would be difficult to find a parallel, but for the two nearly cotemporary discourses, with which we have lately been favored by Judge HARPER, of this State, and Professor DEW, of Virginia.

The general character, indeed, of Mr. CASS' discourse, is highly respectable. It is not, to be sure, adorned by high philosophy on a taste perfectly pure and elegant. But it displays the views, generally just and liberal, of a cultivated and sound understanding, conversant with the subject that is engaging it; and, if it fails, it is chiefly in the ornamental part—as a literary composition, and in its rhetorical illustrations. We object utterly (to give an instance) to the further introduction, in any public performance, of that dreadfully hackneyed quotation from Othello,

"Oh now, forever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars," &c.

To endure this everlasting passage on the stage, where, by compulsion, the actor must speak it, is all that is any longer possible to suffering humanity. Heavens! will our public speakers never learn better taste than perpetually to lug into their harangues these poetic scraps, a thousand and a thousand times repeated, 'till every school-boy stops his ears at the first word of the coming quotation. "The plumed troop and the big wars!" Why Gov. CASS might as well have told us, with a dexter flourish, that

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Or have imparted to us, the profound truth, that

"Great streams from little fountains flow;  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Amidst the general merits of the discourse, too, we cannot pass over an inaccuracy, so glaring as that in which Spain is spoken of, as having retained the King of France "in captivity for many years." Francis the I, is evidently the monarch here meant. Now, the battle of Pavia, at which he was made prisoner, happened on the 24th February, 1525, and the treaty of Madrid, by which he was released, was concluded on the 14th January, 1526; so that he remained in captivity less than eleven months. If, therefore, the assertion had been, instead of "many years," "many months," the fact would barely have warranted it; and the part of history in question is one too leading and notorious to lend excuse to such an error in regard to it.

**LADY MONTAGUE.**—We perceive that a London publisher promises a new edition of the charming letters of this accomplished lady—certainly the chief of the female writers of our language: for she alone, of her sex, can be regarded as standing *first* in any particular part of literature.

Of her correspondence and its publication, the history is somewhat remarkable. It is clear that she intended her letters for future publication; since it is well known that she herself deposited her MSS, in two volumes 4to, in the hands of an ecclesiastic of Holland, named Sowden. At the head of the volumes she had placed her certificate of the deposite. It is besides, authentically related, that, in her journey through France, in 1761, when some one, in conversation with her, praised the letters of M'de de Sevigne. "Yes," she replied, "they are extremely agreeable: but, in forty years, mine will be as much admired."

It was not, however, till 1803, that an authorized edition of her letters and poems was given to the world, in five volumes. Even then, too, they seem to have been extorted from her connexions, by the public curiosity. The idiot aristocracy of her family regarded authorship as a derogation from their nobility—a stain upon their escutcheon. Yet the tale of that most inaccurate gentleman, D'Israeli—that her mother suppressed, through pride, as many of her letters as possible—can scarcely be true; inasmuch as they were always published surreptitiously, till the date we have already mentioned, which was just 113 years after the birth of Lady Mary: so that her mother, to have been then alive, must probably have been 140 years old. But, as it chances, we are not in the dark as to the date of the Duchess of Kingston's death. It happened in 1794—her daughter being then just four years old: so

that, making every possible allowance for the precocity which really distinguished Lady Mary, the part of her correspondence, which her mother's family pride can have suppressed, must be by no means its most valuable portion. The tale, with many other equally authentic ones, may be found in the *Curiosities of Literature*, under the title *Destruction of Books*.

It is certain, however, that her body of suppressed correspondence is likely to be curious, and might probably have been made large. Young is known to have committed to the flames a series of her letters—her correspondence with him: and her literary intercourse embraced all the more distinguished members of the brilliant society of Pope, Bolingbroke, Swift, Gay, Prior, Garth, Congreve, Craggs, &c. Byron mentions, in his letters, some freshly received MSS of hers, which had fallen into the hands of an Italian bookseller. They appear to have belonged to her intercourse with Count Algarotti, to whom her long residence in Italy, towards the close of her career, seems to have been much dedicated. These, it is probable, will be included in the present collection: which, however, after all, will probably prove a gratification of the public curiosity, at the expense of a part of Lady Montague's fame. Such is the almost invariable effect of these posthumous publications. That which is, even in the partial eyes of the writer, unworthy of his reputation, can rarely receive a kinder judgment from the world.

We must not, in speaking of Lady Montague's letters, omit to remark, that the additional volume of them, in the 2d edition, 1767, is usually regarded as fabricated for her, by Cleland, the editor. The MSS were never produced; and they have not, therefore, the necessary proof of genuineness.

AN ORATION DELIVERED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, CHARLESTON, (S.C.) DEC. 22, 1835; IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS UPON THE ROCK OF PLYMOUTH, DEC. 22, 1620. BY JOSHUA BARKER WHITRIDGE, A. M., M. D. CHARLESTON, PRINTED BY E. J. VAN BRUNT, 1836.

This Address, delivered on the anniversary of the Charleston New England Society, and published at their request, was alluded to in our last number, and we then promised, when it should appear from the press, to refer to it again.

We are pleased with this production on several accounts. The style of it is felicitous, the information it contains valuable, and the tone and spirit that pervade its pages, are those of fearless independence and love of truth. Popular opinions and sectional prejudices are thoroughly investigated, while, at the same time, the representations of the writer are never discolored by that asperity of local or party feeling, which bespeak a mind of narrow compass. The discourse very properly commences with an account of the reformation by Luther, the rise and progress of Protestantism in Great Britain, and the early history and trials of the Puritans—those trials which drove them from their native country, and induced them to seek in a foreign land the blessings of religious liberty. Their sufferings upon the passage; their first settlement upon the coast; the difficulties they had to encounter from the presence of the savages; the formation of the New England confederacy, constituting a prototype of the American Union—the liberal provisions made at the early period for the support of public schools, for which New-England has always been justly celebrated; the establishment of Cambridge College; the causes which led to the American Revolution, and the honor which is due to particular States for the shares they respectively took in that great enterprize; the character of Yankees, and their claims to due respect from their fellow citizens—these are the topics which are succinctly, but ably dwelt upon in this interesting address. A patriotic

and feeling tribute is paid to the intrepid character of the New England settlers, than whom, we believe it will be generally conceded to the orator, "a more brave, generous, high-minded, self-sacrificing people is not to be found on the face of the earth"—nor do we think, notwithstanding occasional exceptions, which must be looked for in the history of every state and community, that this character, in its leading features, has ever been forfeited by their posterity. The leading spirits of New England—those who guide events—shape and control opinions—and give a tone to the character of an age, always have been, and still are, a noble race of men, distinguished by a lofty love of independence, a generous pride of character, a clear discrimination of human rights, and a bold and steady support of those institutions which do honor to our nature—characteristics the most imposing, and in the display of which, through good and evil fortune, they are not surpassed by the citizens of any other section of our country, or indeed of the world.

The notes to this address form an interesting and valuable appendix, containing as they do, much rare and curious information in respect to the early settlement of our country, borrowed from authentic sources, and interspersed with judicious reflections of the author. The pamphlet is got up in a superior style, and reflects no little credit upon the press from which it is issued.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, DELIVERED IN THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, Nov. 1835. BY THOMAS Y. SIMONS, M. D. PROFESSOR OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, IN THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF SO. CAROLINA, AND FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF SO. CAROLINA. THOMAS A. HAYDEN, 1835.

It is in some respects unfortunate that two rival Colleges of Medicine should exist in the metropolis of the South, and more especially, that angry and embittered feelings, elicited by circumstances connected with the history of those institutions should have existed and produced an alienation of regard among the votaries of science and the lovers of letters. Still, as good always comes out of evil, some of the fruits of this controversy, which has attracted heretofore so large a share of public attention, but which is now happily subsiding, are eminently beneficial. Competition elicits talent, and leads to higher and more sustained efforts. Literature and science are advanced by the collision of master minds engaged in the fierce but noble struggle for pre-eminence. Such have been the results of a strife (otherwise painful) among the members of this learned profession—results of which we are every day receiving additional and pleasing evidence, and of which the lecture of Dr. Simons affords a striking example. In a style peculiarly free and graceful, it dwells at length upon the importance of the medical profession in general, upon the dangers resulting from the increasing favor in which empiricism is held by the community—upon the necessity of substituting a practical acquaintance with the diseases of the human frame, for the too common fault of ingenious theorising, and more especially upon the indispensable need to the accomplished practitioner of a thorough acquaintance with the departments of anatomy and physiology, and so much knowledge of classical literature as is appropriate to the scholar and the gentleman. There are some beautiful speculations in the concluding paragraph (which we are sorry our limits will not permit us to insert here) on the comparative estimation in which genius and industry should be held in a utilitarian age, by an enlightened and enterprizing people. It is, altogether, whether we regard the style, or the sentiments, one of the best pamphlets that have recently been put forth upon any subject.